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WILLY'S GRAVE, BY F. J. SHIELDS.

(At Page 100.)

Poems and Songs.

By EDWIN WAUGH.



EDITED BY GEORGE MILNER,
WITH A PREFACE AND
AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY
ON THE DIALECT OF LANCASHIRE CONSIDERED AS
A VEHICLE FOR POETRY.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PREFACE. BY THE EDITOR	ix
INTRODUCTORY ESSAY. BY THE EDITOR	xiii

Poems and Songs in the Lancashire Dialect.

COME WHOAM TO THY CHILDER AN' ME	3
WHAT AILS THEE, MY SON ROBIN	7
THE GRINDLESTONE	10
GOD BLESS THESE POOR FOLK	13
COME, MARY, LINK THI ARM I' MINE	16
CHIRKUP	20
THE DULE'S I' THIS BONNET O' MINE	23
WILLY-GROUND	25
A BIT OF A SING	28
TOMMY POBS.....	30
TODDLIN' WHOAM	34
TH' SWEETHEART GATE	36
OWD ENOCH.....	39
EAWR FOLK	45
FORGIVE ONE ANOTHER	49
BUCKLE TO	52
NEET-FO	55
A LIFT ON THE WAY	59
YESTERNEET.....	62
I'VE WORN MY BITS O' SHOON AWAY.....	66
GENTLE JONE	69

	PAGE
TUM RINDLE.....	73
BONNY NAN	76
TICKLE TIMES	79
JAMIE'S FROLIC.....	82
OWD PINDER.....	86
TH' GOBLIN PARSON	89
COME, JAMIE, LET'S UNDO THI SHOON	93
WHILE TAKIN' A WIFT O' MY PIPE	95
GOD BLESS THI SILVER YURE	98
MARGIT'S COMIN'.....	102
HARD WEATHER	107
COME, LIMBER LADS	110
THE GARLAND	112
THESE BONNY BITS O' CHILDER	115
TO MY OLD FIDDLE.....	118
IT'S TIME TO BE JOGGIN' AWAY	121
LITTLE CATTLE, LITTLE CARE	123
CRADLE SONG	126
THE LITTLE DOFFER	129
HEIGH, LADS, HEIGH	132
TOOTHsome ADVICE.....	135
COCK ROBIN	138
OWD RODDLE	141
MY GRONFAITHER, WILLIE	144
COME TO YOUR PORRITCH	148
HEIGH, JONE, OWD BRID.....	151

Poems and Songs in Literary English.

THE MOORLAND FLOWER	155
THE WORLD	158
KEEN BLOWS THE NORTH WIND	161
THE CAPTAIN'S FRIENDS	163
WILLY'S GRAVE	166
TIME IS FLYING	172
THE MOORLANDS	174

CONTENTS.

V

PAGE

TO THE ROSE-TREE ON MY WINDOW SILL.....	176
CHRISTMAS CAROL	183
NOW SUMMER'S SUNLIGHT GLOWING	186
SEA WEEDS	189
THINGS GONE BY.....	191
TO A MARRIED LADY	194
CULTIVATE YOUR MEN	190
OLD MAN'S SONG.....	198
BIDE ON.....	200
THE MOORLAND WITCH	202
THE CHURCH CLOCK	204
CHRISTMAS SONG..	206
MOUNTAINEER'S SONG	208
WILD AND FREE	211
HEIGHO FOR COBBLERS	213
CHRISTMAS MORNING.....	216
HERE'S TO MY NATIVE LAND	219
MINNIE	221
LIFE'S TWILIGHT.....	223
NIGHTFALL	225
GOD BLESS THEE, OLD ENGLAND.....	227
TWILIGHT CAROL.....	228
THE WOUNDED LARK	230
THE OLD BARD'S WELCOME HOME	232
POOR TRAVELLERS ALL	234
WHAT MAKES YOUR LEAVES FALL DOWN.....	236
ALAS! HOW HARD IT IS TO SMILE	238
THE MAN OF THE TIME	240
THE WANDERER'S HYMN	242
ALONE, UPON THE FLOWERY PLAIN	244
TO A YOUNG LADY	245
OH! WEAVE A GARLAND FOR MY BROW.....	247
TO THE SPRING WIND	248
OH! HAD SHE BEEN A LOWLY MAID	249
ALL ON A ROSY MORN OF JUNE	250

	PAGE
GLAD WELCOME TO MORN'S DEWY HOURS	252
WHEN DROWSY DAYLIGHT.....	254
YE GALLANT MEN OF ENGLAND	256
PROLOGUE	258
THE LOST SHEPHERD	262
THE MOORLAND BREEZE	264
THE KINDLY HEARTH	266
GOOD NIGHT.....	269
WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN	271
TO THE RIVER ROCH	273
THE HOUR OF SHADE.....	275
I WISH, MY LOVE, IT WAS SO WITH YOU.....	277
OH, THE WILD, WILD MOORS	279
MY CROODLING DOVE	281
AS I WENT CROONING ON MY WAY	283
NOW'S THE TIME TO REMEMBER THE POOR	285
FAREWELL.....	287
I MET WITH A DOLEFUL WIGHT	289
IN A MAY MORNING, EARLY.....	291
OH, THE SUMMER'S SWEET	293
I KNOW WHAT I KNOW	295
THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN.....	298





LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

WILLY'S GRAVE. BY F. J. SHIELDS.	Frontispiece
VIGNETTE. BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.....	Title-page
FAC-SIMILE OF "COME WHOAM TO THY CHILDER AN' ME"	2
VIGNETTE. COME WHOAM	3
AW PUT LITTLE SALLY TO BED.....	4
AW HEARKEN'T FOLK'S FEET 'AT WENT BY	6
DODY O' JOSEPH'S. BY J. H. HAGUE	10
CHIRRUP. BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT	20
TODDLIN' WHOAM. BY H. MEASHAM	34
OWD ENOCH. BY J. H. HAGUE.....	39
BETTY. BY J. H. HAGUE.....	42
A COUNTRY TEAWN	66
VIGNETTE	120
VIGNETTE. "THE DAY'S WARK'S DONE"	123
VIGNETTE	125
MAM KNITS AND SINGS. BY RICHARD WANE.	126
VIGNETTE. THE CRADLE. BY J. H. HAGUE.....	128
HEIGH, LADS, HEIGH.....	132
COCK ROBIN. BY H. MEASHAM	138
VIGNETTE. BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT	Sub-Title 153

	PAGE
STERN MONARCH OF THE SOLITUDE. BY RICHARD WANE...Face	155
THE MOORLANDS. BY RICHARD WANE.....	174
VIGNETTE. CAROL SINGERS	183
THE WAITS. BY W. ARTINGSTALL	185
THE COTTAGE MATRON. BY RICHARD WANE	186
I THOUGHT OF DAYS FOR EVER FLOWN. BY J. H. HAGUE...	193
VIGNETTE. THE CHURCH CLOCK	204
THE COBBLER. BY J. H. HAGUE.....	215
THE LOST SHEPHERD. BY R. H. WHITEHEAD.....Face	262
VIGNETTE. THE MOORLAND.....	264
WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN. BY J. H. HAGUE	270
IN PENSIVE DREAMS	274
THE WILD MOORS	279
IN A MAY MORNING, EARLY	291





P R E F A C E .



THE Poems and Songs included in the present volume—the eighth and last of the Series—have been selected from “Poems and Songs” published in 1883, and “Poems and Songs—Second Series,” published in 1889. In the Preface to the First Volume of this edition, I have already alluded to the difficulty which must necessarily accompany the task of selection. I will only add now that if a larger space had been at my disposal I should not have included a greater number of poems than are here presented.

Although the test applied in making the selection has generally been that of literary or dialectal excellence, a few poems have been admitted on the ground of their preserving some interesting phase of Lancashire character. The omitted poems, it may be added, constitute only about one-fourth of the whole. The dialectal poems taken out of each volume are placed together; and are put first, as being the

most characteristic. The poems in literary English follow. In this I have departed from Waugh's own arrangement ; but, in each section, I have preserved the order of succession adopted by himself, because I believe it to have been roughly chronological.

The first collected edition of Waugh's Poems appears to have been issued in 1859, by Edwin Slater, of Manchester. It is a small volume of 150 pages, and is dedicated to John Bright. In 1870 a new edition of this work appeared.

In 1876 another collected edition was issued, extending to 304 pages. In the interval the poems had been often printed in sections and under different titles ; and also as "broadsides" at a penny each.

Nearly the whole of the poems to be found in the edition of 1859 are included in the present volume. In a few instances I have followed the text of the earlier issue, where it seemed that subsequent emendations had been for the worse. So far as I have been able to ascertain, Waugh's earliest published poems appeared in 1850, three years after he came to Manchester, and six years before the issue of "Come Whoam to thy Childer an' Me" had made him famous. These were : "To a Rose Tree in my Workshop" and "The True Nobleman." They were printed by his old friend Joseph Johnson, in a little serial called "The Temperance Reporter," and will be found in the present volume as—"To the Rose-Tree on my Window Sill" and "The Man of the Time." Among the earlier pieces attention may be drawn to a curiously alliterative poem with an antique flavour, "The World." The same sententious vein is followed up with considerable success in "Time is

Flying" and "Poor Travellers All." The "Christmas Carol" and the other two poems referring to the sacred season are especially good.

On the whole the earlier poems, whether dialectal or literary, are the best. Many of the later ones, as might be expected, only reproduce, with variations, the thoughts and subjects of earlier days; but even these are not without interest for purposes of comparison in expression and treatment. In many of them the chastened feeling of advancing age is finely set forth, and is in strong contrast with the exuberant tone of the earlier work. It may also be observed that in some of these later verses the metre is handled with a more unerring touch than in the earlier poems. Instances of this will be found in the serenade called "Good Night" and in the sweet "Cradle Song," the measure of which is perfect if it be *crooned* or sung in the manner of a nursery rhyme.

As I have already indicated, Waugh's dialectal poems are stronger than those in literary English; and, as a rule, the songs—most of which were written for music—are better than the "Poems." His best song is, probably, the one entitled, "When Drowsy Daylight." His deepest feeling is for the freedom of the moorlands and the fireside pleasures of the poor man's home; his most frequently recurring sentiment is that which deals with the littleness and uncertainty of life.

G. M.







INTRODUCTORY ESSAY,

ON THE DIALECT OF LANCASHIRE CONSIDERED AS A
VEHICLE FOR POETRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

Note: The whole of the dialectal verse-illustrations given in this Essay are taken from poems which appear in the present volume, and which are referred to in the foot-notes.

IN the biographical and critical Introduction prefixed to the first volume of this edition of Waugh's Works, I have briefly alluded to the widely prevalent idea that there is some innate vulgarity in a dialectal word, and also to the equally erroneous impression that the Lancashire dialect is not capable of expressing poetic conceptions with delicacy or force. It may not be thought inappropriate, in connection with the publication of a volume which depends for much of its

attraction upon the poetic use of dialect, to consider more fully what is the real nature of folk-speech, and how far the particular dialect of Lancashire, for instance, lends itself to the expression of such ideas as are usually associated with the forms of verse.

Of late years, no doubt, some change has taken place in the popular view. Formerly the great majority, both of readers and of critics, were in the habit of regarding all dialects, except the Scottish, as beneath their attention; literature, to have any influence with them, must be what was called "polite;" all folk-speech was uncouth and vulgar—a thing to be got rid of, by the aid of the school-master, with as little delay as possible—and even those who ventured, or vouchsafed, as the case might be, to use a dialect, only took it up as an instrument for the production of grotesque effects, or to cloak the poverty, perhaps the grossness, of their ideas. These opinions, however, are no longer held by educated persons. The true nature and importance of dialects having been apprehended, they have become objects of investigation to many of the ripest scholars of our time. To study philology in a scientific spirit was to be forced back, as a necessity, upon the examination of dialects, because in them were so frequently to be found the very roots and springs of the modern literary language.

Probably most people have not realised how large an element dialectal speech is found to be in the total sum of language. Take as an instance the case of modern *Italian*. It has been said that "there are probably at least fifty well-defined varieties of dialect still spoken in Italy and the

islands ;” and that “about a dozen of these have been raised by the genius and public spirit of provincial poets from the low estate of *patois* to the dignity of literary languages ;” while “about ten more are fixed and cultivated sufficiently to possess their own dictionaries.” In our own country there are, probably, quite as many varieties of dialect as are here spoken of as existing in Italy ; and when the English Dialect Society has completed its work and given us a final and inclusive dictionary of all the provincial dialects we shall then see how much of the strength of the English tongue has been drawn from these obscure sources, or is identical with them.

We may now ask ourselves the question—What is a dialect, and how does it differ from the ordinary, current speech? It will be found to consist mainly of such English words as are not of classical origin. Of course, each dialect will not contain the whole of these terms ; but a person writing in any one of them would find that he could use nearly all words of Anglo-Saxon derivation without offending against the genius of provincial speech. These words may be thus sub-divided—First, those whose pronunciation does not differ from that which is usual ; second, those which are pronounced in an archaic or provincial manner ; third, provincial words which are common to most English dialects though differing occasionally in form ; fourth, words peculiar to a particular district, and these, contrary to the general impression, will be found to be but few in number ; fifth, idioms and phrases, and in these last will probably be discovered, more than elsewhere, the distinction and the Doric flavour of each dialect.

If this be a true statement of the nature of dialects it will be clear that there can be no reason why they should not be used for the purposes of poetry. At least three poets of eminence have indeed so used them—Spenser, Burns, and Tennyson. Spenser's *Shepherd's Calender*, his first work of moment, and that which led to his recognition by his contemporaries as a true poet, was written in a Northern dialect. Now, Spenser's poetry was always delicate, tender, melodious; and the comparatively rough dialect of the poem alluded to interferes with none of these qualities. That Burns was at his best when he avoided modern English is well known. In his case, at any rate, the poetry flourished most when it was in union with his own native speech; and with regard to Tennyson, it is not too much to say that his few poems in the Lincolnshire dialect will hold their own for truth and force against the whole range of his minor productions. The reason of this is obvious. The truest poetry requires for its expression only the simplest words; and in poetical composition the nearer we are to the roots of language the safer we are from jarring notes and false associations. For poetry we need a *clear* medium far oftener than we require a *complex* one. "The perfectly simple, limpid style," says Matthew Arnold, "is the supreme style of all; but the simplicity of it is not the simplicity of prose, but that into which poetry alone gets the privilege of being loosed only when at its best moments." De Quincey is equally distinct in the same direction, and remarkably pointed for our purpose. "Pathos," he says, "in situations which are homely, or at all connected with domestic affections, naturally moves by Saxon words.

Lyrical emotion of every kind, which (to merit the name of lyrical) must be in the state of flux and reflux, or, generally, of agitation, also requires the Saxon element of our language. And why? Because the Saxon is the aboriginal element; the basis, and not the superstructure; consequently, it comprehends all the ideas that are natural to the heart of man, and to the *elementary* situations of life."

Let us now, however, turn to the particular dialect or Lancashire. Has it, in the first place, a vocabulary adapted for poetical expression? I believe that it has. Look over any list of those words which form the Saxon, Scandinavian, or Celtic element in English, and it will be found that there is not one word in a hundred which could not, either with slight change of pronunciation or without it, be naturalised and used in the dialect of Lancashire. Take a few examples at haphazard—examples which will cover the whole ground and illustrate our contention, because they are neither more nor less fitted for appropriation than those by which they are surrounded. From the Saxon: *Cloud, dawn, rain, snow, thunder, kin, delve, besom, bridge*. From the Scandinavian: *Fell, garth, force, gill* (a valley), *holm, thorp*. From the Celtic: *Bag, wicket, ridge, knell, knoll, goblin, clout, grumble*. If we look now at a list of the classical words in our language, we shall find that while a large number even of these—and especially the monosyllabic words—are available for our use, scarcely one of the polysyllabic words could be used without breaking, so to speak, the charm of dialectal simplicity and *elementariness*,—*Accident, incision, candour, annual, difficulty, facilitate, permanent*,—not to take extreme examples—and all such like, are words which lie outside the

dialectal pale. Now we know that much nonsense has been loosed upon us from time to time about the desirability of writing only in what it is usual to call the "nervous Saxon style." All this is inapplicable to that prose writing which is not of the imaginative kind. The wider and the more polyglot our vocabulary is the better. If we want a word let us take the best—that is, the most expressive, the most picturesque, the tightest-fitting, the nearest to our idea of all those which come to hand; only, leaning always—if we would have that style which, as I have said, Mr. Arnold speaks of as the "supreme style"—to the side of simplicity. But in poetry it is different. Coleridge's definitions of *prose* and *poetry*, though valuable, are, I think, imperfect. He said, "Prose = words in their best order; poetry = the best words in the best order." This is imperfect, because it seems to infer that in prose one need not have the *best* words, and it leaves out the consideration that in verse one must not only have the best words, as words, but also those which are best for the peculiar and subtle objects of poetry. By some curious and, as yet, only half-defined, but quite natural canon, the poet finds himself compelled to reject a multitude of words which in prose would be eminently the best. And these are usually the words which are not native to us—words which are foreign and complex in their nature and derivation—the very words, in fact, which a dialect, by a self-imposed law, casts out from itself as being alien to its spirit and purpose. We are not surprised to find, therefore, that the best modern poets have fallen back as much as was possible upon the Elizabethan, and even the ante-Elizabethan, vocabulary—upon that vocabulary, in short, which is most

nearly allied both to the letter and to the spirit of our northern dialects. Let us take an example. No one would now argue that *cerulean* is a better word for poetical use than the simple adjective *blue*, or that *empyrean* is better than *sky*. Tennyson (whose perfect knowledge of his art will not be questioned) has not used the first word at all—could not use it, in fact—and has only admitted the second once, and then under peculiar circumstances.

The deep-domed empyræan
Rings to the roar of an angel onset—

occurs in a poem on Milton, which is a professed imitation of the classical Alcaic measure, and which is also intended to embody something of Milton in his most classical vein. But *blue* and *sky* are, of course, of frequent occurrence; indeed, as if to attain a still greater simplicity, Tennyson often uses the homely Saxon adjective *blue*—scarcely altered from its original *bleo*—to express both adjective and noun in one. Among other instances we have—

In “The Miller’s Daughter”

The breezy *blue*.

In “The Dream of Fair Women”

The maiden splendours of the morning star
Shook in the steadfast *blue*.

And in *In Memoriam*

Drowned in yonder living *blue*
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now the two classical words we have mentioned could not, under any circumstances, be used in a genuine piece of

dialect; the better and simpler words, of course, could be so used. Waugh says,

There's lots o' *blue* heaven aboon!¹

and—

Yon woodlan' cloofs, an' valleys green,—
The sweetest under th' *sky*;²

while Tennyson's use of the word *blue* as a noun would lend itself at once to dialectal purposes—

Dreawn'd i' yonther livin' *blue*,
Th' layrock is a soightless sung.

It will be perceived that I am making large claims for the dialect. I am asking the reader to believe, not only that it offers a fair vehicle for the conveyance of essentially poetical ideas; but that it also actually exerts, in a certain direction, a restraining and purifying influence—compels the poet, in short, to choose, little as he may know it, the preferable word. I will endeavour to illustrate this still further. There is a short poem by Wordsworth which is well known for its exquisite simplicity and beauty. I will translate it into the Lancashire dialect with a two-fold object; first, to show that such delicate sentiments as are there expressed can be transmitted through the dialect without material injury, which is in effect to prove that for which I am contending; and, second, to show that with regard to a single phrase, the dialect may possibly compel an improvement. We will first take the poem in its ordinary English form—

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

¹ "Tickle Times."

² "I've worn my bits o' shoon away."

A violet by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye!
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
 When Lucy ceased to be;
 But she is in her grave, and, oh,
 The difference to me!

Let us now take the Lancashire version—

Hoo lived among th' untrodden ways
 Aside o'th springs o' Dove,
 A lass 'at there were noan for t' praise,
 An' varra few for t' love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
 Hawve hidden from the eye!
 Fair as a star when nobbut¹ one
 Is shinin' up i'th sky.

Hoo're o' unknown, an' few could know
 When Lucy coom for t' dee;
 But hoo is in her grave, an' oh,
 The difference to me!

The reader will remember what Matthew Arnold has said about simplicity being the supreme style; elsewhere he says the best style has for "its cause a certain pressure of emotion, and an ever-surgings, yet bridled, excitement in the poet, giving a special intensity to his way of delivering himself." In this poem there is that pressure of emotion which makes style; but in the last line, style breaks down, because perfect simplicity is lost. The word "difference" strikes a false note. Any reader of taste would say so

¹ *Nobbut*—nought but, only.

without stopping to ask himself why. The reason lies partly, perhaps, in association, but also very largely in the classical origin of the word. *Dis fero* is a Latin intrusion here, and destroys the homogeneousness of the poem. We want, in its place, some simpler root-word or phrase which shall carry the idea as in a transparent crystal; not strangle it with convolutions. Now in what way would a man writing in the Lancashire dialect escape this difficulty?—escape it without knowing of it. He would probably have written—

But hoo is in her grave, an' oh,
What change it's browt to me;

or he might have got rid of the alien word by substituting a simple and expressive Lancashire phrase, which is thus used—“*It's another day* for thee, mi lad, now thi mother's dead.” The more this phrase is examined, the more it will be found to be an entirely poetic mode of expressing the idea of altered and deteriorated circumstances, a mode for which one could find a hundred parallels in our best poets; it is, in fact, the imagination at its favourite work of presenting things in the concrete; and shows how very near poetic style is to much of our dialectal homeliness. If this phrase were used the poem would end thus—

But hoo's i'th greawnd, an' oh, it's browt
Another day to me!

But not only does a dialect encourage and even enjoin, as I have shown, the use of unclassical terms, it also allows the employment of many fine archaic and now forgotten words, which are not so easily admissible into ordinary modern poetry: and this is a manifest advantage, for it gives an

antique flavour to the verse which is eminently desirable. In Spenser's dedicatory epistle prefixed to *The Shepheard's Calender* there are some pertinent observations upon this point. Speaking of the poet's use of ancient phrases—alluding chiefly to those of Chaucer—he says :—

“But whether he useth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rustically rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that they rough sounde would make his rymes more ragged and rustically, or els because such olde and obsolete wordes are most used of country folke, sure I think, and think I think not amisse, that they bring great grace, and, as one would say, auctoritie to the verse. . . . In my opinion it is one special prayse of many, which are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English words, as have ben long time out of use, and almost cleane disherited.”

We will now take a few instances of these old words as they occur in the dialectal verse of Waugh :—

WELKIN :

But, th' minute th' *welkin's* breet again,
He's peearter than before.¹

Observe how this word and those which follow—all of which are frequent in the earlier poets—fit into the dialect without producing any sense of incongruity.

POSIES :

Like *posies* that are parchin' in the midsummer sun,
There's mony a poor heart faints afore the journey be run.²

LASSES AND LADS :

Th' *lasses an' lads* are i'th meadow ;
They're gettin' their baggin' i'th hay.³

¹ “Buckle to.”

² “A Lift on the Way.”

³ “Yesternet.”

LEIFER :

But, he that would *leifer* drink wayter,
Shall never be stinted by me.¹

LILT :

Come, Mary, link thi arm i' mine,
An' *lilt* away wi' me.²

SWEETHEART (sweetheartin') :

When I set off o' *sweetheartin'*, I've
A theawsan' things to say.³

SHOON :

The dule may tent th' o'on;
Iv aw go without *shoon*,
Aw'll see where thae gwos to, mysel' !⁴

COUNTRIE :

An' I'll live an' dee i' my own *countrie*,
Where the moorlan' breezes blow !⁵

MARROW :

Hoo'll never meet thy *marrow*,
For mony a summer day !⁶

Wordsworth, it will be remembered, uses this word in his
"Yarrow Unvisited :

And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "*winsome Marrow*,"
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow."—

adopting it from the old ballad—

Busk ye, busk ye, my honny, bonny Bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow !

¹ "God bless these poor folk."

² "Come, Mary, link thi arm i' mine."

³ "Th' Sweetheart Gate."

⁴ "Jamie's Frolic."

⁵ "I've worn my bits o' shoon away."

⁶ "What ails thee, my son Robin."

To these may be added certain modern words which retain in the dialect their older form. Two instances will be sufficient to indicate this class ;—

BRID and BRUN :

Heigh, Ned, owd mon, I feel as fain
As th' breetest *brid* 'at sings i' May.¹

The fire *bruns* clear ; an' th' heawse begins
A-lookin' brisk an' breet.²

In Tyndal's New Testament we have both these forms. "So that the bryddes of the aier come and bylde in the braunches of it ;" and "As the tares are gaddered and *brent* in the fyre."

There are also the older forms or constructions which still linger in our provincial speech as well as in our poetry. I will name but one ; the redundant use of "for." In the rendering from Wordsworth these lines occur ;—

A lass 'at there were noan for't praise,
An' varra few for't love.

The "for" not being in the original. The use of this in our old translation of the Scriptures will be familiar : "And all the people came early in the morning to him in the temple, *for* to hear him."

I may also further mention here as a typical instance the substitution of "hoo" for "she."

Hoo lived among th' untrodden ways.

This word the ordinary reader would consider to be, with

¹ "Bonny Nan."

² "Neet-fo."

many others, a mere vulgarism. It is not so. In Anglo-Saxon, the personal pronoun "I" is thus declined in the third person :—

Mas.	Fem.	Neu.
He.	Heo.	Hit.

We see, therefore, where the "hoo" comes from.

To me it seems, from a consideration of these instances and many others, that the genius of our provincial poetry is so nearly allied to that of the older literature that any skilful writer of the dialect might enrich his verse by introducing into it any, or all, of those antique, and now disused, but most expressive words which are to be found in the earlier poets.

It is no small part of the work of a great imaginative writer to enrich, and at the same time, to keep pure the literary language of his country. In this work there is also, to an extent, room for the provincial poet, notwithstanding that he is popularly supposed to be a corrupter of that "well of English" which should be kept "undefiled." His first aim is, no doubt, to express the poetry which is in him, through that vehicle which is best for himself, and also best for many of his readers ; but, at the same time, his work, if carefully done, will always possess an historical interest and a philological value. As we have seen, the words of the older poets are often retained in the dialects ; and these, the modern poet might reclaim : and further, he could often find in the pages of his humbler brother an original word or phrase, strong and picturesque, with which he might materially enrich his own vocabulary. Of these original or peculiar words a few instances may now be given ; and, let

it be noted, they are another addition to the provincial power of expression—another enlargement of the dialectal vocabulary.

“BOGGART”—a word of Celtic origin :

Has th' *boggarts* taen houd o' my dad ? ¹

FEEORIN'—fairies—*uncanny* creatures, beings which have to do with the Evil One.

But, 'tisin't lung o'th *feeorin'*
That han to do wi'th' deil.²

YAMMER—to yearn, to desire intensely, to make an eager noise with the teeth—a wonderfully expressive word, and one which is without a parallel in our literary speech—

We wander'n abeawt to find rest on't,
An' th' worm *yammers* for us i'th greawnd.³

CLEMMIN'—starving for want of food :

An' ony poor craytur 'at's *clemmin'*,
May come have a meawthful wi' me.⁴

MARLOCK—to dance in an odd or quaint fashion—

Aw *marlocked* upo' th' white hearth-stone.⁵

FRATCHIN'—petulant, quarrelling.

It's no use a peawtin' an' *fratchin'*.⁶

YONDERLY—a curiously picturesque and quite inimitable

¹ “Come whoam to thy childer an' me.”

² “What ails thee, my son Robin.”

³ “God bless these poor folk.”

⁴ “God bless these poor folk.”

⁵ “Come, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.”

⁶ “Tickle Times.”

word. It means thin, worn, shadowy, withdrawn, as it were, to a distance.

Thae's looked very *yonderly* mony a day.¹

EAWL-LEET—a fine synonym for twilight, and poetic in conception.

Then deawn bi th' well i'th fairy-dell,
Wi' trees aboon it knittin',
Where, near an' fur, ther nowt astir
But bats i'th *eawl-leet* flittin'.²

NEET-FO' and TH' EDGE O' DARK. These, like the last word, are wonderfully poetic expressions for *twilight*. The first is merely the Lancashire rendering of the English phrase "night-fall" (Tennyson uses "evenfall"), but the second is peculiar. It is said that the Celtic element is particularly strong in Lancashire. Such a phrase as this goes far to prove it. It is a specimen of Celtic felicity.

MORNIN'-SIDE—the east.

An a pratty bit o' garden greawnd,
O' th' *mornin'-side* o'th fowd.³

These are but a few words out of a large number; but they are sufficient to indicate what the vein would be if it were followed up.

The next point which invites our attention is that of euphony. Persons unaccustomed to the Lancashire dialect declare it, at first sight, to be harsh, uncouth, and awkward. Out of mere ignorance, and judging by the appearance only, people say the same thing of the language of the Principality.

¹ "Jamie's Frolic."

² "Th' Goblin Parson."

³ "Come, Mary, link thi arm i' mine."

An Englishman, taking up a page of Welsh, asks, "Shall I risk dislocation of jaw by attempting to pronounce such a jargon as that?" But ask a girl in the Vale of Edeirnion to read the same passage for you, and you get out of the apparently strange jumble of consonants such mellifluousness as one hears in "O Llangollen e Dolgellau." It is precisely so with the dialect of Lancashire. It is only harsh in the hands of those who cannot write it, or in the mouths of those who cannot read it. The chief characteristics of the dialect in this connection are—first, to broaden sounds; second, to soften them; and, third, to draw out or elongate. It is emphatically a broad-chested speech. What are called "head-notes" are infrequent. In considering this part of the subject, we must lay aside all conventional ideas as to the supposed vulgarity of certain sounds, and the supposed refinement of certain others. Keeping this in mind, let us look at some of the changes. In place of the thin "i" we get the broader sound of "oi;" in place of "au" in "fall" and "all", we get the broad and open "o," as in "fo'," and "o'"; in place of "pull" we get "poo;" and for the short "dance," the longer "doance." Of course there are exceptions to this rule—notably the change of "ou" to the thinner sound "eaw," as in "heawse;" but what is maintained is that the general tendency is to broaden sounds, and to increase quantity in the metrical sense, and that this is a gain as regards versification. In this respect we seem to differ from the Cheshire, Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and Dorsetshire dialects, which *thin* rather than broaden many of their sounds. In Westmoreland "poor" becomes "peer;" "who" becomes "wha;" "after," "after;" and "doings,"

“deeins.” Next there is the tendency to soften. In Lancashire the “d” and “t,” especially when occurring in the middle of the word, become “dh” and “th;” “water” taking the form of “wayther;” “wandering,” “wantherin’;” and in the plural, “wandthern;”

(As yo wander’n through life, ten ’at one that yo’n find ¹)

“shadow” becomes “shathow,” or “shatha;” and “ladder,” “ladther,” or “lather.” In this I believe there is a reminiscence of an older pronunciation. The antique forms “murther” and “burthen” are illustrations. Tennyson, with his usually fine ear, has adopted the last in the poem called “The Daisy:”—

And in my heart, for half the day,
The rich Virgilian rustic measure
Of Lari Maxume, all the way,
Like ballad-*burthen* music kept.

And in Tyndal’s New Testament we have: “They shall *gadther* out of his kingdom all things that do hurte.” We may note, also, the softening of the hard “c” or “k” by bringing after it the sound of “w,” as in “cwortin’” (courting):—

Sunshine comes back,
As soon as aw crack
O’ beginning my *cwortin’* again.²

This peculiarity we shall find in other dialects.

Another important point is the frequent elimination of the

¹ “The Grindlestone.”

² “Jamie’s Frolic.”

sibilant "s" from nouns by the plural termination in "n," as in "e'en" for "eyes," and "shoon" for "shoes." The "s" is also got rid of in such words as "was" by the substitution of "wur," and by such changes as "mun" for "must." Lastly, there is the lengthening or crooning sound, which is very peculiar, and which, though not exactly "lengthened sweetness long drawn out," is often, in Lancashire, an addition to the melody of the verse. I once heard the dialect fairly tested as to euphony in the little windy chapel at Ashworth, in Birtle-cum-Bamford. It was at the close of a sweet summer day that, coming down from the hills, I strolled through the open door into the sacred building, and heard the moorland "men and maidens" up in the quire-loft practising, with their leader, the psalms for the coming Sunday. Their speech was the pure dialect of South Lancashire, and was perfectly guiltless of fine accents and town affectations. It sounded odd and quaint at first; but, after a few minutes, things seemed to adjust themselves, and we found that the Psalms of David, in the magnificent rendering of the older version—that of the Great English Bible, as it is called—fell naturally enough, and without that shock which one would expect, into the broad, strong *patois* of Lancashire.

It is only necessary to add that I express no opinion here as to the desirability or otherwise of retaining or cultivating the use of the dialect. I have spoken only historically and critically—taking the speech as it exists, and seeking to show what are its capabilities and its limitations. It should also be remembered that I have dealt with the dialect only as a *vehicle*; what has been said is quite independent of the

question as to whether it has or has not been made the medium for the expression of true poetry.

It would not be difficult, however, to show that in the hands of a few, and especially in those of Edwin Waugh, it has been found fully adequate for the expression of all the elementary emotions ; and that, although anything like subtlety or complexity of ideas is beyond its reach, love, humour, pathos, and a certain shrewd delineation of character are distinctly within the scope of its powers.

G. M



POEMS AND SONGS IN THE
LANCASHIRE DIALECT.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE FIRST DRAFT IN PENCIL OF

"COME WHOAM TO THY CHILDER AN' ME."

Aw've mended up th' fire w' a cot,
 Owd Roddle has brought th' new shoon,
 Thy brews are waitin' oth' hot,
 An' a whot ale - josses o' th' o'on.
 Aw've brought the top-cwot; does to
 For Know,
 At th' rain's comin' down very dree;
 Th' har'stione's as white as new snow,
 Come whoam to th' childer an' me.
 when aw put little Tally to bed,
 Tho' creck, cose hwr fyther weren't
 There,
 So aw kissed th' little thing, an' aw
 at thae'd wing hwr a ribbon f'r th'
 an' aw put th' ^{fair} doll under ^{intybed} her
 an' aw kissed hwr again; but hoo aw
 at Tho' wanted to kiss thee an' o'

an' in one-by when thae
 art nit- there.

Couldn't say evn so weel 'bout
 his clack.



Come Whoam to Thy Childer an' Me.

I.



W'VE just mended th' fire wi' a cob;¹
 Owd Swaddle has brought thi new
 shoon;
 There's some nice bacon-collops o'th hob,
 An' a quart o' ale posset i'th oon;²
 Aw've brought thi top-cwot,³ doesto know,
 For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree;⁴
 An' th' har'stone's as white as new snow;—
 Come whoam to thi childer an' me.

¹ *Cob*, a lump of coal.

³ *Top-cwot*, top-coat.

² *Oon*, oven.

⁴ *Dree*, wearily-continuous.

II.

When aw put little Sally to bed,
Hoo cried, 'cose her feyther' weren't theer,
So aw kiss'd th' little thing, an' aw said
Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro' th' fair ;



An' aw gav her her doll, an' some rags,
An' a nice little white cotton-bo' ;²
An' aw kiss'd her again ; but hoo said
'At hoo wanted to kiss *thee* an' o'.

¹ *Feyther*, father.

² *Cotton-bo'*, cotton-ball.

III.

An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark' wi' him,
 Afore aw could get him up stairs ;
 Thae tow'd him thae'd bring him a drum,
 He said, when he're sayin' his prayers ;
 Then he looked i' my face, an' he said,
 " Has th' boggarts taen houd o' my dad ?"¹
 An' he cried till his e'en were quite red ;—
 He likes thee some weel, does yon lad !

IV.

At th' lung-length,² aw geet 'em laid still ;
 An' aw hearken't folks' feet 'at went by ;
 So aw iron't o' my clooas reet well,
 An' aw hanged 'em o'th maiden to dry ;
 When aw'd mended thi stockin's an' shirts,
 Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,
 An' aw rayley did feel rayther hurt,—
 Mon, aw'm *one-ly*³ when theaw artn't theer.

V.

" Aw've a drum an' a trumpet for Dick ;
 Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal ;
 Aw've a book full o' babs ;⁴ an' a stick
 An' some 'bacco an' pipes for mysel' ;

¹ *Wark*, work.

² *Th' lung-length*, the long-length, the end.

³ *One-ly*, lonely.

⁴ *Babs*, babies, pictures.

Aw've brought thee some coffee an' tay,—
 Iv thae'll *feel* i' my pocket, thae'll *see*;
 An' aw've bought tho a new cap to-day,—
 But aw al'ays bring summat for *thee*!

VI.

"God bless tho', my lass; aw'll go whoam,¹
 An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' round;
 Thae knows, that wherever aw roam,
 Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd ground;
 Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass;
 Aw can do wi' a bit of a spree;
 But aw've no gradely² comfort, my lass,
 Except wi' yon childer and thee."



¹ *Whoam*, home.

² *Gradely*, proper, right.



What Ails Thee, My Son Robin?

I.



WHAT ails thee, my son Robin?

My heart is sore for thee;

Thi cheeks are grooin' thinner,

An' th' leet has laft thi e'e;¹

Theaw trails abeawt so lonesome,

An' looks so pale at morn;

God bless tho, lad, aw'm soory²

To see tho so forlorn.

II.

Thi fuutstep's sadly awter't,³—

Aw used to know it weel,—

Neaw, arto fairy-stricken;

Or, arto gradely⁴ ill?

Or, hasto bin wi' th' witches

I'th cloof,⁵ at deep o'th neet?

Come, tell mo, Robin, tell mo,—

For summat is not reet!

¹ *Th' leet has laft thi e'e*, the light has left thine eye.

² *Soory*, sorry.

³ *Awter't*, altered.

⁴ *Gradely*, properly, thoroughly. ⁵ *Cloof*, clough, glen.

III.

"Eh, mother, dunnut fret yo ;
 Aw am not like mysel' ;
 But, 'tishn't lung o'th feeorin'¹
 That han to do wi' th' deil ;
 There's nought 'at thus could daunt mo,
 I'th cloof, by neet nor day ;—
 It's yon blue e'en o' Mary's ;—
 They taen my life away."

IV.

"Aw deawt² aw've done wi comfort
 To th' day that aw mun dee,
 For th' place hoo sets her fuut on,
 It's fairy greawnd³ to me ;
 But, oh, it's no use speykin',
 Aw connut ston her pride ;
 An' when a true heart's breykin'
 It's very hard to bide ! "

V.

Neaw, God be wi' tho, Robin ;
 Just let her have her way ;
 Hoo'll never meet thy marrow,⁴
 For mony a summer day ;

¹ *Feeorin'*, frightening, things that frighten.

² *Aw deawt*, I doubt, I think, I surmise.

³ *Fairy-greawnd*, enchanted ground.

⁴ *Marrow*, match.

Aw're just same wi' thi feyther,¹
When first he spoke to me :
So, go thi ways, an' whistle ;
An' th' lass'll come to thee !



¹ *Feyther*, father.



The Grindlestone.

I.



T wur Dody o' Joseph's, a joiner by trade,
A comical cowl, and a keen-bitten blade,
He're as fause as a boggart, as th' neighbours
weel knew,

Though, when he'd a mind, he could look like a foo'.

Derry down.

II.

But th' bravest and breetest o'th childer o' men,
May haply be hamper't a bit now an' then ;
Dody's axe wanted grindin', one wark-a-day morn,
When there nob'dy about to gi' th' grindle a turn.

Derry down.

III.

Then he grunted, an' mumble't, an' glendur't around,
An' he tooted about o'er the neighbourin' ground ;
Still, never a soul to turn th' stone could he find,
An' it made him a little bit thrutched in his mind.

Derry down.

IV.

Till a soft-lookin' urchin coom wanderin' by,
Wi' his thumb in his mouth, an' a tear in his eye ;
Wi' his slate an' his satchel, he're creepin' to schoo',
An',—bi th' look of his e'en,—Dody know'd he're a foo'.

Derry down.

V.

"Bi th' maskins," says Dody, "I'm losen't at last !"
An' he beckon't o'th lad that wur wanderin' past !
"Come hither, my tight little maister o' men !"
Then he poo'd out a sixpence,—an' fobbed it again.

Derry down.

VI.

"There's a grindlestone here—dosto think thou can turn ;
If thou does'nt know how, I can help tho to larn.
I cannot howd th' axe an' turn th' hondle mysel' ;
Thou'rt a nice lad o' somebry's—come, give us a twell !"

Derry down.

VII.

Th' lad laid howd o'th hondle, an' shap't like a mon ;
For he lippen't o' sixpence, when th' turning wur done ;
So, he twirl't at this grindle o' Dody o' Joe's,
Till saut-water trickl't off th' end of his nose.

Derry down.

VIII.

Dody felt at his axe,—an' he said, “Thou young foo' ;
Thou'lt get a rare twiltin' for stoppin' fro' schoo' ;
Hie tho' off, like a red-shank, or th' dur may be teen'd :”
An' he gav' him a bit of a lifter beheend.

Derry down.

IX.

Th' lad dried fro' his for-yed the breet briny drip ;
An' he pike'd up his books, wi' a wimperin' lip ;
An' he crope off to schoo', turnin' o'er in his mind
Th' first lesson he'd larn't i' the pranks o' monkind.

Derry down.

X.

As yo wander'n through life, ten 'at one that yo'n find
A good lot o' folk that han axes to grind ;
Give a turn when yo con ; but remember to th' end,
It's turnin' th' wrang road to turn on a friend.

Derry down.



God Bless these Poor Folk.

I.



OD bless these poor folk that are strivin'
By means that are honest an' true,
For some'at¹ to keep 'em alive in
This world that we're scramblin' through :
As th' life ov a mon's full o' feightin',²
A poor soul that wants to feight fair,
Should never be grudged ov his heyтин',³
For th' hardest o'th battle's his share.

CHORUS—As th' life ov a mon.

II.

This world's kin to trouble ; i'th best on't,
There's mony sad changes come reawnd ;
We wander'n abeawt to find rest on't,
An' th' worm yammers⁴ for us i'th greawnd.

¹ *Some'at*, somewhat. ² *Feightin'*, fighting. ³ *Heyтин'*, eating.

⁴ *Yammer*, to make an eager noise with the jaws, like hungry children at meal-time.

May he that'll wortch¹ while he's able,
 Be never long hungry nor dry ;
 An' th' childer 'at sit at his table,—
 God bless 'em wi' plenty, say I.
 CHORUS—As th' life ov a mon

III.

An' he that can feel it a pleasur'
 'To leeten misfortin an' pain,—
 May his pantry be olez full measur',
 To cut at, and come to again ;
 May God bless his cup and his cupbort,²
 A theawsan' for one that he gives ;
 An' his heart be a bumper o' comfort,
 To th' very last minute he lives !
 CHORUS—As th' life ov a mon.

IV.

An' he that scorns ale to his victual,
 Is welcome to let it alone ;
 There's some can be wise with a little,
 An' some that are foolish wi' noan ;
 An' some are so quare i' their natur',
 That nought wi' their stomachs agree ;
 But, he that would leifer³ drink wayter,
 Shall never be stinted by me.
 CHORUS—As th' life ov a mon.

¹ *Wortch*, work.² *Cupbort*, cupboard.³ *Leifer*, rather.

V.

One likes to see hearty folk wortchin',
 An' weary folk havin' a rest ;
 One likes to yer poor women singin'
 To th' little things laid o' their breast :
 Good cooks are my favourite doctors ;
 Good livers my parsons shall be ;
 An' ony poor craytur 'at's clemmin',¹
 May come have a meawthful wi' me.
 CHORUS—As th' life ov a mon.

VI.

Owd Time,—he's a troublesome codger,—
 Keeps nudgin'² us on to decay,
 An' whispers, "Yo're nobbut³ a lodger ;
 Get ready for goin' away ;"
 Then let's ha' no skulkin' nor sniv'lin',
 Whatever misfortins befo' ;
 God bless him that fends⁴ for his livin',
 An' hounds up his yed⁵ through it o' !
 CHORUS—As th' life ov a mon.

¹ *Clemmin'*, starving for want of food.

² *Nudgin'*, elbowing, jogging, pushing.

³ *Nobbut*, nought but, only.

⁴ *Fends*, provides, works for.

⁵ *Hounds up his yed*, holds up his head,



Come, Mary, Link Thi Arm i' Mine.

I.



COME, Mary, link thi arm i' mine,
An' lilt away wi' me ;
An' dry that little drop o' brine,
Fro' th' corner o' thi e'e ;
Th' mornin' dew i'th heather-bell's
A bonny bit o' weet ;
That tear a different story tells,—
It pains my heart to see't.
So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

II.

No lordly ho' o'th country side's
So pleasant to my view,
As th' little corner where abides
My bonny lass an' true ;
But there's a nook beside yon spring,—
An' if theaw'll share't wi' me ;
Aw'll buy tho th' bonny'st gowden ring
That ever theaw did see !
So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

III.

My feyther's gan mo forty peawnd,
 I' silver an' i' gowd ;
 An' a pratty bit o' garden greawnd,
 O' th' mornin' side¹ o'th fowd ;
 An' a honsome bible, clen an' new,
 To read for days to come ;—
 There's leaves for writin' names in, too,
 Like th' owd un 'at's awhoam.
 So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

IV.

Eawr Jenny's bin a-buyin' in,
 An' every day hoo brings
 Knives an' forks, an' pots ; an' irons
 For smoothin' caps an' things ;
 My gronny's sent a kist² o' drawers,
 Sunday clooas to keep ;
 An' little Fanny's bought a glass
 Where thee an' me can peep.
 So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

V.

Eawr Tum has sent a bacon-flitch ;
 Eawr Jem a load o' coals ;
 Eawr Charlie's bought some pickters, an'
 He's hanged 'em upo' th' woles ;³

¹ *Th' mornin' side*, the east side, the side from which morning comes.

² *Kist*, chest.

³ *Woles*, walls.

Owd Posy's white-weshed th' cottage through ;
 Eawr Matty's made it sweet ;
 An' Jack's gan me his Jarman flute,
 To play bi th' fire at neet !
 So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

VI.

There's cups an' saucers ; porritch-pons,¹
 An' tables, greyt an' smo' ;
 There's brushes, mugs, an' ladin'-cans ;
 An eight-day's clock an' o' ;
 There's a cheer² for thee, an' one for me,
 An' one i' every nook ;
 Thi mother's has a cushion on't,—
 It's th' nicest cheer i'th rook.³
 So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

VII.

My gronny's gan me th' four-post bed,
 Wi' curtains to 't an' o' ;
 An' pillows, sheets, an' bowsters, too,
 As white as driven snow ;
 It isn't stuffed wi' fither-deawn ;⁴
 But th' flocks are clen an' new ;
 Hoo says there's honest folk i'th teawn
 That's made a warse un⁵ do.
 So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.

¹ *Porritch-pons*, porridge-pans.² *Cheer*, chair.³ *Rook*, lot, collection, number.⁴ *Fither-deawn*, the down of feathers.⁵ *A warse un*, a worse one.

VIII.

Aw peeped into my cot last neet ;
It made me hutchin' fain ;¹
A bonny fire were winkin' breet²
I' every window-pane ;
Aw marlocked³ upo' th' white hearth-stone,
An' drummed o'th kettle lid ;
An' sung, " My neest⁴ is snug an' sweet ;
Aw'll go and fotch my brid⁵ ! "
So, Mary, link thi arm i' mine.



¹ *Hutchin' fain*, fidgetting glad.

² *Breet*, bright.

³ *Marlocked*, frolicked.

⁴ *Neest*, nest.

⁵ *Fotch my brid*, fetch my bird.



Chirrup.

I.



YOUNG Chirrup wur a mettled cowl:¹

His heart an' limbs wur true ;

At foot race, or at wrosthlin'-beawt,

Or aught he buckled to ;

At wark or play, reet gallantly

He laid into his game :

An' he're very fond o' singin'-brids,²—

That's heaw he geet his name.

¹ *A mettled cowl*, a spirited colt. ² *Singin'-brids*, singing-birds.

II.

He're straight as ony pickin'-rod,¹
 An' limber as a snig:²
 An' th' heartiest cock o'th village clod,
 At ony country rig:
 His shinin' e'en wur clear an' blue;
 His face wur frank an' bowd;
 An' th' yure abeawt his monly broo³
 Wur crispt i' curls o' gowd.

III.

Young Chirrup donned his clinker't shoon,⁴
 An' startin' off to th' fair,
 He swore by th' leet o'th harvest moon,
 He'd have a marlock⁵ there;
 He poo'd a sprig fro' th' hawthorn-tree,
 That blossomed by the way;—
 "Iv ony mon says wrang⁶ to me,
 Aw'll tan his hide to-day!"

IV.

Full sadly mony a lass would sigh,
 As wand'rin' slyly near,

¹ *Pickin'-rod*, the straight wooden rod with which hand-loom weavers pick, or throw the shuttle.

² *Limber as a snig*, nimble as an eel.

³ *Th' yure abeawt his monly broo*, the hair about his manly brow.

⁴ *Donned his clinker't shoon*, put on his strong shoes, nailed with the great nails known by the name of "clinkers."

⁵ *Marlock*, a frolic.

⁶ *Wrang*, wrong.

They tooted¹ at his e'en to spy
 Iv love wur lurkin' theer ;
So fair an' free he stept the green,
 An' trollin' eawt a song,
Wi' leetsome heart, an' twinklin' e'en,
 Went chirrupin' along.

v.

Young Chirrup woo'd a village maid,—
 An' hoo wur th' flower ov o',—
Wi' kisses kind, i'th woodlan' shade,
 An' whispers soft an' low ;
I' Mally's ear twur th' sweetest chime
 That ever mortal sung ;
An' Mally's heart beat merry time
 To th' music ov his tung.

vi.

The kindest mates, this world within,
 Mun sometimes meet wi' pain ;
But, iv this pain could life begin,
 They'd buckle to again ;
For, though he're hearty, blunt, an' tough,
 An' Mally sweet an' mild,
For three-score year, through smooth an' rough,
 Hoo lad² him like a child.

¹ *Tooted*, peeped carefully.

² *Lad*, led.



The Dule's i' this Bonnet o' Mine.

I.

THE dule's i' this bonnet o' mine ;
My ribbins'll never be reet ;
Here, Mally, aw'm like to be fine,
For Jamie'll be comin' to-neet ;
He met me i'th lone¹ t'other day,—
Aw're gooin' for wayter² to th' well,—
An' he begged that aw'd wed him May ;—
Bi th' mass,³ iv he'll let me, aw will.

II.

When he took my two honds into his,
Good Lord, heaw they trembled between :
An' aw durstn't look up in his face,
Becose⁴ on him seein' my e'en ;
My cheek went as red as a rose ;—
There's never a mortal can tell
Heaw happy aw felt ; for, thae knows,
Aw couldn't ha' axed⁵ him mysel'.

¹ *Lone*, lane.

² *Wayter*, water.

³ *Bi th' mass*, by the mass; an expression brought down from Catholic times.

⁴ *Becose*, because.

⁵ *Axed*, asked.

III.

But th' tale wur at th' end o' my tung,—
 To let it eawt wouldn't be reet,—
 For aw thought to seem forrud¹ wur wrong,
 So aw tow'd him aw'd tell him to-neet ;
 But, Mally, thae knows very weel,—
 Though it isn't a thing one should own,—
 If aw'd th' pikein² o'th world to mysel',
 Aw'd oather³ ha' Jamie or noan.

IV.

Neaw, Mally, aw've tow'd tho my mind ;
 What wouldto do iv 'twur thee ?
 "Aw'd tak him just while he're inclined,
 An' a farrantly bargain⁴ he'd be ;
 For Jamie's as gradely⁵ a lad
 As ever stept eawt into th' sun ;—
 So, jump at thy chance, an' get wed,
 An' do th' best tho con, when it's done !"

V.

Eh, dear, but it's time to be gwon,—
 Aw should'nt like Jamie to wait,—
 Aw connot for shame be too soon,
 An' aw wouldn't for th' world be too late ;
 Aw'm o' ov a tremble to th' heel,—
 Dost think at my bonnet'll do ?
 "Be off, lass,—thae looks very weel ;—
 He wants noan o'th bonnet, thae foo !"

¹ *Forrud*, forward. ² *Pikein*', picking, choosing. ³ *Oather*, either.

⁴ *A jarrantly bargain*, a decent bargain, a good bargain.

⁵ *Gradely*, proper, right.



Willy-Ground.

AIR—" *The Night before Larry was Stretched.*"

I.



OME, Caleb, an' saddle thi shanks,
An' let's ha' no moore o' thi bother ;
Wi' thi camplin' din, an' thi pranks,
Thou'rt wortchin' thisel' to a lother.
Come, Nathan, poo up into th' nook,—
I know thou'rt a comical crayter ;
Let's join at a conk, an' a smooke,
An' a bumper o' whot rum an' wayter.
Fal-lal-der-dal.

II.

We're neighbours, an' very weel met ;
We're o' merry lads, o' good mettle ;
Here's Nathan, —wur never licked yet,—
An' Caleb's i' farrantly fettle.
Wi' a pipe, an' a tot, an' a crack,
An' a crony, I'm just i' my glory ;
So now, I'll tip th' world fro' my back,
An' brast off wi' a bit of a story.
Fal-lal-der-dal.

III.

T'other day, as I're rovin' areawt,
 I let of owd Robin o' Bumper's;
 He's a terrible gullet for grout,—
 An', at poachin', they say'n he's a crumper;
 But, he's good at a tot an' a tale;
 So, we popt into Peter o' Nancy's,
 An' I said to him, "Co' for some ale,
 Or aught i' this hole 'at thou fancies."
 Fal-lal-der-dal.

IV.

As we crope wi' er gills up to th' hob,
 Th' owd layrock began for to twitter;
 An' he tow'd of a ticklesome job,
 'At sent us o' into a titter;
 One day, when he're prickin' a hare,
 A bit of a wacker coom o'er him,
 For, just as he're settin' a snare,
 Th' owd owner o'th lond stoode afore him.
 Fal lal-der-dal.

V.

"Hollo; what are you doing here?"
 Says Robin, "Why, nought nobbut walkin';"
 "Walk off, then!" cried he, with a sneer;
 "This land belongs me, where you're stalking!"
 Says Robin, "Yo're reet, I'll be bound;
 But, what's to be done, I can't tell, sir;
 For, I'm like to walk somebody's ground,
 As I've noan 'at belongs to mysel', sir."
 Fal-lal-der-dal.

VI.

'This lond,—it's a ticklesome lot ;
To wrangle about it's a blunder ;
For, whether one owns it or not,
He'll very soon ha' to knock under ;
Both lonlords an' tenants mun flit ;
Let's hope, without fratchin', or frownin',
They'n let us walk on it a bit,
An' then lend us a bit to lie down in.
Fal-lal-der-dal, layrol-i-day.





A Bit of a Sing.

I.



ILL o' Sheepsheawter's ;
Robin o'th Dree ;
Rondle o' Scouter's ;
Twilter, an' me ;
We made Mally Grime's
Owd kitchen roof ring,
One merry yule-time,
When met for to sing !
Tooral-loo ; falder-day !

II.

Rondle sang counter ;
Robin sang bass ;
Twilter sang o' maks
O' comical ways ;
Th' tenor wur fine,—
Bill took it up well ;
An' th' treble wur mine,—
I sang it mysel' !
Tooral-loo ; falder-day !

III.

Th' first wur a psalm ;
 An' th' next wur a sung ;
 An' then we sang glees,
 Till th' rack-an'-hook rung ;
 An' merry owd Mall
 Chime't in, like a brid,
 As hoo tinkle't to th' tune,
 Upo' th' owd kettle lid.
 Tooral-loo ; falder-day !

IV.

"Stop, an' rosin !" cried Bill,
 "It's gettin' hee time !"
 "Weet yor whistles !" said Mall,
 "It sweetens the chime !"
 "A tot a-piece bring !"
 Cried Rondle, "an' then,
 Like layrocks o'th wing,
 We'n tootle again !"
 Tooral-loo ; falder-day !

V.

We twitter't an' sang
 Till midneet wur gone ;
 We caper't off whoam,
 Bi th' leet o' the moon ;
 As we wander't o'er th' moss,
 Bil lap shoolder-hee ;
 An', "I'm fain that I'm wick !"
 Cried Robin o'th Dree.
 Tooral-loo ; falder-day !



Tommy Pobs.

AIR—"Derry Down."

I.



OMMY POBS wur a good-natur't sort of a lad ;
He're a weighver by trade, an' he wove for his dad ;
He're fond o' down-craitors ; an' th' neighbours
o' said

That he're reet in his heart, but he'd nought in his yed.

Derry down.

II.

Nan o' Flup's wur a lass that wur swipper an' strung :
Hoo'd a temper o' fire, an' a rattlin' tung ;
Hoo're as hondsomed a filly as mortal e'er see'd,
But hoo coom of a racklesome, natterin' breed.

Derry down.

III.

Nan had fritter't away o' th' for-end of her life,
For hoo'd flirted o' round, though hoo'd ne'er bin a wife ;
But, one day, when hoo fund hoo're turn't thirty year owd,
Hoo began a-bein' flayed, hoo'd be left out i'th cowl.

Derry down.

IV.

Then hoo tooted around among th' lads about whoam,
An' hoo thought hoo'd a bit of a chance wi' poor Tom ;
An' hoo cutter't, an' foodle't, an' simper't, an' skenn'd,
Till hoo geet him as fast as a thief, i'th far end.

Derry down.

V.

Poor Tom wur so maddle't i' heart and i' yed,
That I doubt he'd ha' dee'd if they hadn't bin wed ;
But, at last, they stroke honds, an' agreed to be one ;
Nanny tice't him to church—an' poor Tommy wur done.

Derry down.

VI.

An' when th' news o' this weddin' geet down into th' fowd,
Folk chuckle't an' thought that poor Tommy wur sowd ;
An' th' women o' said, "Nan's to mich for yon lad ;
He'd better ha' stopped till he dee'd wi' his dad."

Derry down.

VII.

But they buckle't together, for better an' wur ;
An', at first, o' wur reet between Tommy an' hur ;
For, they'rn meeterly thick, both bi dayleet an' dark,
Till th' wayter o' life cool't 'em down to their wark.

Derry down.

VIII.

Then, Nanny soon change't, an' coom back to hersel' ;
An' hoo cample't, an' snap't, as no mortal can tell ;
An' poor Tommy Pobs soon fund out that his wife,
Though an angel at first, wur a divole for life.

Derry down.

IX.

Though Nan prove't a blister, an' kept him i' pain,
Tom wur like an owd sheep, for he didn't complain :
An' he crope to his looms, an' kept weighvin' away ;
But, it made little odds, hoo went warse ev'ry day.

Derry down.

X.

An' hoo hector't, an' plague't him, to sich a degree,
That, mony a time, Tom'd ha' bin fain for to dee ;
Th' lad did o' that he could to keep thick wi' his wife,
But, it wurn't in her natur' to live a quiet life.

Derry down.

XI.

An', it nettle't her so, that, at last, hoo began
To fling aught at his yed that coom first to her han',
It wur sometimes a pitcher, an' sometimes a pon ;
Nanny didn't care what,—if it let o'th owd mon.

Derry down.

XII.

An' if that didn't vex him,—her temper wur sich,—
That hoo'd nip up a tough-lookin' lump of a switch ;
An' sometimes it lapt round his hide wi' a bend,
An' sometimes it coom across Tommy's nose-end.
Derry down.

XIII.

An' thus, year by year, this poor couple toar't on,
Till Tommy had groon a grey-yedded owd mon ;
Then, Nanny took ill, an' wur laid up i' bed,
An' hoo flang no moore pots at owd Tommy's white yed.
Derry down.

XIV.

At last, Nanny dee'd ; an' th' owd lad felt it sore ;
For, if hoo'd bin an angel, he'd not ha' grieve't more ;
So, he linger't bi th' grave till they'd happed her up well ;
An' then he coom cryin' away by his-sel'.
Derry down.





Toddlin' Whoam.

I.



ODDLIN' whoam fro' th' market rant ;
Toddlin' whoam, content an' cant ;
Wi' my yed i' my hat, an' my feet i' my
shoon ;
I'm fain to be toddlin' whoam.

II.

Toddlin' whoam, for th' fireside bliss,
Toddlin' whoam, for th' childer's kiss ;
God bless yon bit o' curlin' smooke ;
God bless yon cosy chimbley nook !
I'm fain to be toddlin' whoam.

III.

Toddlin' whoam for twitterin' suns ;

Toddlin' whoam for prattlin' tungs ;

Toddlin' whoam, to sink to rest

Wi' th' wife, an' little brids i'th nest.

I'm fain to be toddlin' whoam.





Th' Sweetheart Gate.

I.



HERE'S mony a gate¹ eawt of eawr teawn-end,—
But nobbut one² for me ;
It winds by a rindlin' wayter side,
An' o'er a posied lea ;
It wanders into a shady dell ;
An' when I've done for th' day,
I never can saddle³ this heart o' mine,
Beawt⁴ walkin' deawn that way.

II.

It's noather⁵ garden, nor posied lea,
Nor wayter rindlin'⁶ clear ;
But deawn i'th vale there's a rosy nook,
An' my true love lives theer :

¹ *Gate*, road, way.

² *Nobbut one*, nought but one, only one.

³ *Saddle*, settle, put to rest.

⁴ *Beawt*, without.

⁵ *Noather*, neither.

⁶ *Wayter rindlin'*, water wandering musically.

It's olez¹ summer where th' heart's content,
 Tho' wintry winds may blow ;
 An' there's never a gate² so kind to th' fuut,³
 As th' gate one likes to go.

III.

When I set off o' sweetheartin', I've
 A theawsan' things to say ;
 But th' very first glent⁴ o' yon chimbley-top,
 It drives 'em o' away ;
 An' when I meet wi' my bonny lass,
 It sets my heart a-jee ;
 There's summut i'th leet⁵ o' yon two blue e'en
 That plays the dule wi' me !

IV.

When th' layrock's finished his wark aboon,⁶
 An' laid his music by,
 He flutters deawn to his mate, an' stops
 Till dayleet stirs i'th sky.⁷
 Though Matty sends me away at dark,
 I know that hoo's reet⁸ full well ;
 An' it's how I love a true-hearted lass,
 No mortal tung⁹ can tell.

¹ *Olez*, always.² *Gate*, road, path, way.³ *To th' fuut*, to the foot.⁴ *Glent*, a glimpse.⁵ *Th' leet*, the light.⁶ *When th' layrock's finished his wark aboon*, when the lark has finished his work above.⁷ *Till dayleet stirs i'th sky*, till the dawning of the day.⁸ *Hoo's reet*, she's right.⁹ *Tung*, tongue.

V.

I wish that Michaelmas Day were past,
When wakin' time¹ comes on ;
An' I wish that Candlemas Day were here,
An' Matty an' me were one :
I wish this wanderin' wark were o'er,—
This maunderin'² to an' fro ;
That I could go whoam to my own true love,
An' stop at neet an' o'.



¹ *Wakin' time*, the time when workmen begin to work by candle-light.

² *Maunderin'*, wandering aimlessly, dreamily.



Owd Enoch.

I.



WD ENOCH o' Dan's laid his pipe deawn o'th
hob,¹

And his thin fingers played i'th white thatch
of his nob;²

"I'm gettin' done up," to their Betty he said;

"Dost think thae could doff me,³ an' dad me⁴ to bed?"

Derry down, &c.

¹ *Hob*, a ledge, close to the fire-grate.

² *White thatch on his nob*, the white hair of his head.

³ *Doff me*, do off for me, or take off my clothes for me.

⁴ *Dad me*, help me by the hand, as a "dad," or father, does a little child in its first efforts to walk.

II.

Then hoo geet him to bed, an' hoo happed him up weel,¹
 An' hoo said to him, " Enoch, lad ; heaw doesto feel ? "²
 " These limbs o' mine, Betty,—they're cranky an' sore ;³
 It's time to shut up when one's gotten four-score."

Derry down.

III.

As hoo potter't abeawt⁴ his poor winterly pate,
 Th' owd crayter looked dreawsily up at his mate,—
 " There's nought on me laft, lass,—do o' 'at tho con,—⁵
 But th' cratchinly⁶ frame o' what once wur a mon."

Derry down.

IV.

Then he turn't his-sel' o'er, like a chylt tir't wi' play,⁷
 An' Betty crept round, while he're dozing away ;
 As his e'e-lids sank deawn, th' owd lad mutter't " Well done !
 I think there's a bit o' sound sleep coming on."

Derry down.

¹ *Happed him up weel*, lapped, or folded him up well.

² *Heaw doesto feel ?* How dost thou feel ?

³ *Cranky an' sore*, rusty and shaky, and painful.

⁴ *Potter't abeawt*, fumbled, or fingered, caressingly.

⁵ *There's nought on me laft, lass,—do o' 'at tho con*,—there's nothing of me left, lass,—do all that thou can'st.

⁶ *Cratchinly*, ill-conditioned, shakely-held together.

⁷ *He turn't his-sel' o'er, like a chylt tir't wi' play*, he turned himself over, like a child tired with play.

V.

Then hoo thought hoo'd sit by till he'd had his nap o'er,—
 If hoo'd sit theer till then, hoo'd ha' risen no more ;
 For he cool't eawt o'th world, an' his e'en lost their leet,¹
 Like a cinder i'th fire-grate, i'th deod time o'th neet.²

Derry down.

VI.

As Betty sit rockin' bi th' side of his bed,
 Hoo looked neaw an' then at owd Enoch's white yed ;
 An' hoo thought to hersel' that hoo'd not lung to stay
 Iv ever th' owd prop of her life should give way.

Derry down.

VII.

Then, wond'rin' to see him so seawnd an' so still,
 Hoo touched Enoch's hond,—an' hoo fund it wur chill ;
 Says Betty, " He's cowl ; aw'll put summat moor on !"³
 But o' wur no use,⁴ for Owd Enoch wur gone !

Derry down.

¹ *He cool't eawt o'th world, an' his e'en lost their leet*, he cooled out of this world,—he died,—and his eyes lost their light.

² *I'th deod time o'th neet*, in the dead, or silent time of the night.

³ *He's cowl ; aw'll put summat moor on*, he is cold ; I will put something more, or more clothing, upon him.

⁴ *O' wur no use*, all was no use.

VIII.

An' when they put Enoch to bed deawn i'th greawnd,¹
 A rook o' poor neighbours stooode bare-yedded reawnd ;²
 They dropt sprigs o' rosemary ; an' this wur their text :—
 "Th' owd crayter's laid by,³—we may haply be th' next !"
 Derry down.



IX.

So, Betty wur left to toar on bi hersel' ;⁴
 An' heaw hoo poo'd through it no mortal can tell ;
 But th' doctor dropt in to look at her one day,
 When hoo're rockin' bi th' side of an odd cup o' tay.⁵
 Derry down.

¹ *Deawn i'th greawnd*, down in the ground.

² *Stooode bare-yedded reawnd*, stood bare-headed around.

³ *Th' owd crayter's laid by*, the old creature is laid aside.

The words "owd crayter" are commonly used as a phrase of affection.

⁴ *To toar on bi hersel'*, to drag on wearily by herself, or, alone.

⁵ *Bi th' side of an odd cup o' tay*, by the side of a lonely cup of tea.

X.

“ Well, Betty,” said th’ doctor, “ heaw dun yo get on ?
 I’m soory to yer ’at yo’n lost yo’r owd mon :
 What complaint had he, Betty ? ” Says hoo, “ I caun’t tell ;
 We ne’er had no doctor ; he dee’d of his-sel’.”¹
 Derry down.

XI.

“ Ay, Betty,” said th’ doctor ; “ there’s one thing quite sure ;
 Owd age is a thing that no physic can cure :
 Fate will have her way, lass,—do o’ that we con,—
 When th’ time’s up, we’s ha’ to sign o’er, an’ be gone.”²
 Derry down.

XII.

“ Both winter an’ summer th’ owd mower’s at wark,³
 Sidin’ folk eawt o’ seet,⁴ both bi dayleet an’ dark ?
 He’s slavin’ away while we’re snorin’ i’ bed ;
 An’ he’d slash at a king, if it coom in his yed.”⁵
 Derry down.

¹ *We ne’er had no doctor ; he dee’d of his-sel’*, we never had any doctor to him ; he died of himself, or, without the aid of medicine.

² *We’s ha’ to sign o’er, an’ be gone*, we shall have to consign, hand over our worldly affairs, and be gone.

³ *Th’ owd mower’s at wark*, the old mower,—death,—is at work.

⁴ *Sidin’ folk eawt o’ seet*, putting people aside, out of sight.

⁵ *If it coom in his yed*, if it came into his head, or, if he chanced to think of it.

XIII.

“These sodiurs, an’ parsons, an’ maisters o’ lond,¹
 He lays ’em i’th greawnd, wi’ their meawths full o’ sond,
 Rags or riches, an owd greasy cap, or a creawn,—
 He sarves o’ alike,—for he switches ’em deawn.”

Derry down.

XIV.

“The mon that’s larn’t up, an’ the mon that’s a foo—²
 It mays little odds, for they both han to goo;³
 When they come’n within th’ swing of his scythe they mun
 fo’,—

If yo’n root amung th’ swaithe, yo’n find doctors an’ o’.”⁴

Derry down.



¹ *Maisters o’ lond*, masters of land, landowners.

² *The mon that’s larn’t up, an’ the mon that’s a foo*, the man that is learned-up to the height of possibility, or, that knows everything,—and the man that is a fool.

³ *It mays little odds, for they both han to goo*, it makes little difference, for they both have to go.

⁴ *If yo’n root amung th’ swaithe, yo’n find doctors an’ o’*, if you will examine the swathe left by the scythe of death, you will find that even those whose business it is to save the lives of others, die, like the rest.



Cawr Folk.

I.



R Johnny gi's his mind to books ;
Er Abram studies plants,—
He caps the dule¹ for moss an' ferns,
An' grooin' polyants;²
For aught abeawt mechanickin',
Er Ned's the very lād ;
My uncle Jamie roots i'th stars,³
Enough to drive him mad.

II.

Er Alick keeps a badger's shop,⁴
An' teyches Sunday schoo' ;⁵
Er Joseph's welly blynt,⁶ poor lad :
Er Timothy's—a foo ;

¹ *Caps the dule*, beats the devil, or excels the devil.

² *Grooin' polyants*, cultivating the polyanthus.

³ *Roots i'th stars*, studies astronomy.

⁴ *A badger's shop*, a grocer's shop.

⁵ *Teyches Sunday schoo'*, teaches in a Sunday school.

⁶ *Welly blynt*, well-nigh blind.

He's tried three different maks¹ o' trades,
 An' olez missed his tip;²
 But, then, he's th' prattist³ whistler
 That ever cock'd a lip!

III.

Er Matty helps my mother, an'
 Hoo sews, an' tents er Joe;⁴
 At doin' sums, an' sich as that,
 My feyther licks 'em o';
 Er Charley,—well,—there cannot be
 Another pate like his,—
 It's o' crom-full o' ancientry,⁵
 An' Roman haw-pennies!⁶

IV.

Er Tummy's taen to preitchin',—⁷
 He's a topper at it, too;
 But then,—what's th' use,—er Bill comes in,
 An' swears it winnot do;

¹ *Maks*, makes, shapes, kinds.

² *Missed his tip*, missed his aim, broken down.

³ *Prattist*, prettiest, most pleasing.

⁴ *Tents er Joe*, take care of our Joe.

⁵ *Crom-full o' ancientry*, cram-full of antiquarian lore.

⁶ *Roman haw-pennies*, Roman half pennies, Roman coins.

⁷ *Taen to preitchin'*, taken to preaching, become a preacher.

When t'one's bin strivin' o' he con'¹
 To awter wicked men,
 Then t'other mays some marlocks,² an'
 Convarts 'em o'er again.

V.

Er Abel's th' yung'st ; an'—next to Joe, —
 My mother likes him t' best :
 Hoo gi's him brass, aboon his share,³
 To keep him nicely drest ;—
 He's gettin' in wi' th' quality,—⁴
 An' when his clarkin's done,
 He's olez oather⁵ cricketin',
 Or shootin' wi' a gun.

VI.

My Uncle Sam's a fiddler ; an'
 I fain could yer him play⁶
 Fro' set o' sun till winter neet
 Had melted into day ;

¹ *When t'one's bin strivin' o' he con*, when the one has been striving all he can.

² *T'other mays some marlocks*, the other makes some frolics.

³ *Hoo gi's him brass aboon his share*, she gives him more money than his share.

⁴ *He's gettin' in wi' th' quality*, he is becoming acquainted with people in high life.

⁵ *Olez oather*, always either.

⁶ *I fain could yer him play*, I gladly could listen to his playing.

For eh,—sich glee—sich tenderness—
 Through every changin' part,
 It's th' heart that stirs his fiddle,—
 An' his fiddle stirs his heart !

VII.

An', when he touches th' tremblin'-streng,¹
 It knows his thowt² so weel,
 It seawnds as if an angel tried
 To tell what angels feel ;
 An', sometimes, th' wayter in his e'en³
 That fun has made to flow,
 Can hardly roll away, afore
 It's blent wi' drops o' woe.

VIII.

Then, here's to Jone, an' Ab, an' Ned,
 An' Matty,—an' er Joe,—
 An' my feyther, an' my mother ; an'
 Er t'other lads an' o' ;
 An' thee, too, owd musicianer,—
 Aw wish lung life to thee,—
 A mon that plays a fiddle weel
 Should never awse⁴ to dee !

¹ *Th' tremblin'-streng*, the vibrating fiddle-string.

² *Thowt*, thought.

³ *Th' wayter in his e'en*, the water in his eyes.

⁴ *Should never awse*, should never attempt



Forgive One Another.

I.



COME here, my bold cronies, I'll not keep yo
lung,—
Come hither, an' hearken to me ;
I'll chant yo a neighbourly snatch of a sung,—
An' th' end o' my ditty shall be,—
Let's forgive one another !

II.

We're a wanderin' band, in a ticklesome land,
Where never a mortal can stay ;
When yo seen folk 'at's weary, lads, lend 'em a hand,—
An', oh,—as we're joggin' away,—
Let's forgive one another !

III.

This will-o'-the-wisp in a poor body's breast,
It flutters the life of a mon ;
It plays him wild marlocks that rob him o' rest,—
A mortal may do what he con,—
Let's forgive one another !

IV.

Like harp strings, we're made of a different tone,
 And the minstrel, he sits up aboon ;
 To him every note of the gamut's weel known, --
 Let's hope that he'll keep us i' tune,
 To forgive one another !

V.

At neet, when a mother's her childer undrest,
 They paddle'n up close to her knee,
 To whisper a prayer afore gooin' to rest ;
 An', th' sweetest o'th strain, unto me,
 Is,—forgive one another !

VI.

Some liken to wrangle o'er nought but a name,
 An' who wur their mams an' their dads ;
 But, gentle or simple, it ends up the same,—
 "We're o' Johnny Butter'oth lads !" ¹
 Let's forgive one another !

VII.

When thinkin' o' life an' its troublesome way,
 We'n very leet need² to be proud ;
 Strike honds while yo're wick ; for yo'n not long to stay ;
 It's late, when yo're lapped in a shreawd,
 To forgive one another !

¹ "We're o' Johnny Butter'oth lads"—a common saying in Lancashire, meaning that we are all God Almighty's children.

² *Very leet need*, very light need, very little need.

VIII.

An' neaw,—as we never may o' meet again,—
For th' futur' no mortal can see,—
I'll stick to my text, lads; an', as it began,
So th' end o' my ditty shall be,—
Let's forgive one another!





Buckle to.

I.



GOOD lorjus days,¹ what change there is
Upon this mortal ground ;
As time goes flyin' o'er one's yed,²
Heaw quarely things come reawnd ;
What ups an' deawns, an' ins an' eawts ;—
What blandin' ill an' well
There is i' one poor crayter's³ life,—
It is not for to tell !

II.

When mornin' blinks, mon lies an' thinks
Abeawt the comin' day ;
He lays his bits o' schames so sure,
They cannot roll astray ;

¹ *Good lorjus days*, Good lord of our days.

² *Yed*, head.

³ *Crayter*, creature.

He cracks his thumbs, an' thinks o'll leet,¹
 Just heaw it's planned to go ;
 But when he looks things up at neet,²
 He seldom finds it so.

III.

An' when a storm comes, dark an' leawd,—
 Wi' mony a weary sigh,
 He toots abeawt,³ i'th slifter't cleawd,⁴
 To find a bit o' sky ;
 He mopes an' moans, he grunts an' groans,
 An' thinks his comfort's o'er ;
 But, th' minute th' welkin's⁵ breet again,
 He's peearter⁶ than before.

IV.

Good luck to th' mortal that can ston
 Good luck, beawt bein' preawd ;
 That keeps his yed fro' grooin' whot,—⁷
 His heart fro' grooin' cowl ;⁸
 That walks his chalks, an' heeds no talks,
 But does the best he con ;⁹
 An' when things are not to his mind,
 Can bide it like a mon.¹⁰

¹ *Thinks o'll leet*, thinks everything will light or befall.

² *Neet*, night.

³ *Toots abeawt*, peeps about, searches.

⁴ *Slifter't cleawd*, slifter, a slit, or loophole; slifter'd cleawd, a slit, or broken, or slightly-scattered cloud.

⁵ *Th' welkin*, the sky.

⁶ *Peearter*, perter, prouder.

⁷ *Grooin' whot*, growing hot.

⁸ *Grooin' cowl*, growing cold.

⁹ *Con*, can.

¹⁰ *Mon*, man.

V.

Then, let's be lowly when it's fine,
An' cheerful when it's dark ;
Mon ne'er wur made to mope an' whine,
But buckle to his wark ;¹
It sweetens th' air, it leetens care,—
I never knew it fail :
Go at it, then,—an' let's toe fair ;²
Owd Time'll tell a tale.



¹ *Wark*, work.

² *Toe fair*, toe the mark fairly. Do justice ; act "upon the square."



Tet - fo.

I.



H' wynt blows keen through th'
shiverin' thorns,
An' th' leet¹ looks wild i'th
sky ;

Come, Tet, stir up that fire ; an' draw
That keyther² gently by ;
I've done my weshin', gronny ; an'
I've tidied every thing,
An', neaw I'll sit me deawn to sew,
An' hearken th' kettle sing.

II.

Bring in some coals ; an' shut that dur,—
It's quite a wintry day ;
Reitch deawn that ham : for Robin likes
A relish to his tay.³

¹ *Leet*, light.

² *Keyther*, cradle.

³ *Tay*, tea.

Sweep th' grate ; an' set yon table eawt ;
 Put th' tay-pot upo' th' oon ;¹
 It's gettin' on for baggin'-time,²
 An' he'll be comin' soon.

III.

The fire bruns³ clear ; an' th' heawse begins
 A-lookin' brisk an' breet,
 As th' time draws near when he gets back
 Fro' teawn at th' edge o' neet ;
 It makes one hutch⁴ wi' glee to yer
 A favourite fuut come whoam ;
 An' it's very fine to hearken, when
 One thinks it's sure to come.

IV.

Th' cat pricks up her ears at th' sneck,⁵
 Wi' mony a leetsome toot ;⁶
 An' th' owd arm-cheer i'th corner seems
 As if it yerd his fuut ;
 Th' window blinks ; an' th' clock begins
 A-tickin' leawd an' fain ;
 An' th' tin things winkin' upo' th' wole,—⁷
 They groon as breet again.⁸

¹ *Upo' th' oon*, upon the oven.

² *Baggin'-time*, tea-time, or time of the afternoon meal.

³ *Bruns*, burns.

⁴ *Hutch*, to twitch, to shrug, to wriggle the body uneasily.

⁵ *Sneck*, an old-fashioned wooden latch.

⁶ *Toot*, to peep.

⁷ *Wole*, the wall.

⁸ *They groon as breet again*, they become twice as bright.

V.

Th' kettle's hummin' o'er wi' fun —
Just look at th' end o'th speawt ;
It's like a little sooty lad
That's set his lips to sheawt :
Th' wayter-drops 'at fo'n fro' th' tap,
Are gettin' wick wi' glee ;
An' yo're fain, gronny, too,—I know,—
But noan as fain as me !

VI.

Keep th' rockers gooin' soft and slow,
An' shade that leet away ;
I think this little duck's o'th mend,
Hoo sleeps so weel to-day ;
Doze on, my darlin' ; keep 'em shut,—
Those teeny¹ windows blue ;
Good Lord ; if aught should happen thee,
What could thi mammy do !

VII.

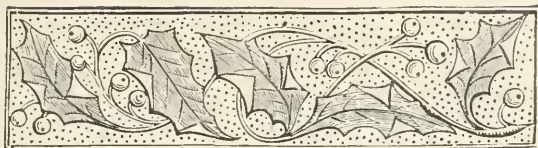
Here, gronny, put this cover on,
An' tuck it nicely in ;
Keep th' keyther stirrin' gently ; an'
Make very little din :
An' lap those dimpled honds away
Fro' th' frosty winter air ;
They lie'n a-top o'th bit o' quilt,
Like two clock-hommers theer !

¹ *Teeny*, tiny.

VIII.

But stop ; hoo's laughin' ! Come, hie up, —
My bonny little puss !
God bless it ! Daddy's noan far off ;
Let mammy have a buss !
He's here ! He's here ! Tet, bring that cheer ?
Eh, dear ; these darlin's two !
If it wur not for this chylt an' him
What could a body do !





A Lift on the Way.

I.



COME, what's th' use o' fratchin',¹ lads, this life's
noan so lung,

So, if yo'n gether reawnd, aw'll try my hond at a
sung ;

It may shew a guidin' glimmer to some wand'rer astray,

Or, haply, gi' some poor owd soul a lift on the way :

A lift on the way ;

A lift on the way ;

Or, haply, gi' some poor owd soul a lift on the way.

II.

Life's road's full o' ruts ; it's very slutchy² an' it's dree ;³

An' mony a worn-eawt limper lies him deawn there to dee ;

Then, fleawnd'rin low i'th gutter, he looks reawnd wi' dismay,

To see if aught i'th world can give a lift on the way :

A lift on the way ;

A lift on the way ;

To see if aught i'th world can give a lift on the way.

¹ *Fratchin'*, quarrelling.

² *Slutchy*, miry.

³ *Dree*, wearily-continuous.

III.

There's some folk 'at mun trudge it, an' there's some folk 'at
may ride,
But, never mortal mon con tell what chance may betide ;
To-day, he may be blossomin', like roses i' May ;
To-morn he may be beggin' for a lift on the way :
A lift on the way ;
A lift on the way ;
To-morn, he may be beggin' for a lift on the way.

IV.

Good-will, it's a jewel, where there's little else to spare ;
An' a mon may help another though his pouch may be bare ;
A gen'rous heart, like sunshine, brings good cheer in its ray ;
An' a friendly word can sometimes give a lift on the way .
A lift on the way ;
A lift on the way ;
An' a friendly word can sometimes give a lift on the way.

V.

Like posies that are parchin' in the midsummer sun,
There's mony a poor heart faints afore the journey be run ;
Let's lay the dust wi' kindness, till the close of the day,
An' gi' these droopin' travellers a lift on the way :
A lift on the way ;
A lift on the way ;
An' gi' these droopin' travellers a lift on the way.

VI.

Oh, soft be his pillow, when he sinks deawn to his rest,
 That can keep the lamp o' charity alive in his breast ;
 May pleasant feelin's haunt him as he's dozin' away,
 An' angels give him, up aboon,¹ a lift on the way :

A lift on the way ;

A lift on the way ;

An' angels give him, up aboon, a lift on the way.

VII.

Jog on, my noble comrades, then ; an'—so mote it be,—²
 That hond in hond we travel till the day that we dee ;
 An' neaw, to end my ditty, lads, let's heartily pray
 That heaven may give us, ev'ry one, a lift on the way !

A lift on the way ;

A lift on the way ;

That heaven may give us, ev'ry one, a lift on the way.



¹ *Aboon*, above.

² *So mote it be*, so might it be.



Yesterneet.

I.



GEET up a-milkin' this mornin',—
I geet up afore it wur leet ;
I ne'er slept a minute for thinkin'
What Robin said yesterneet ;
I've brokken two basins i'th dairy ;
I've scoaded¹ my gronny wi' tay ;
It's no use o' tryin' a-spinnin'—
My wheel's eawt o' trim to-day.

CHORUS.

It's oh, yon Robin, yon Robin ;
His e'en ne'er twinkle't so breet,
As they did when he meazur't my finger
For th' little gowd ring last neet !

¹ *Scoaded*, scalded.

II.

Eawr Dorothy's singin' i'th shippon;¹
 Eawr Jonathan's leawngin' i'th fowd;²
 Eawr Tummy's at th' fair, where he lippens³
 O' swappin' his cowt⁴ for gowd;⁴
 My gronny's asleep wi' her knittin',
 An' th' kittlin's playing with th' yarn;
 Eawr Betty's gone eawt wi' a gallon
 To th' chaps at their wark i'th barn.

CHORUS.—But oh, yon Robin, yon Robin.

III.

Th' lasses an' lads are i'th meadow;
 They're gettin' their baggin'⁵ i'th hay;
 I yer 'em as leetsome as layrocks,⁶
 I'th sky on a shiny day;
 But, little care I for their marlocks;
 I dunnot want folk to see,
 Though I'm fitter for cryin' than laughin',
 There's nob'dy as fain as me.

CHORUS.—For oh, yon Robin, yon Robin.

¹ *Shippon*, sheep-pen, cattle-shed.

² *Leawngin' i'th fowd*, lounging in the fold.

³ *Lippens*, expects.

⁴ *Swappin' his cowt for gowd*, exchanging or selling his colt for gold.

⁵ *Baggin'*, the afternoon meal.

⁶ *Layrocks*, larks.

⁷ *Marlocks*, frolics, pranks.

IV.

When I crept into th' nook wi' my sewin',
My mother peeped reawnd so sly ;
Hoo know'd I wur glentin' at th' coppice,
Where Robin comes ridin' by ;
Then hoo coom to me, snurchin' an' tootin',
An' whisperin', " Heaw dost feel ?"
Dost think I should send for a doctor ?"
But, th' doctor hoo knows reet weel.

CHORUS.—It's oh, yon Robin, yon Robin.

V.

My feyther sits dozin' i'th corner,—
He's dreamin' o'th harvest day :
When Robin comes in for his daughter,—
Eh, what'll my feyther say !
Th' rosebuds are peepin' i'th garden ;
An' th' blossom's o'th apple tree ;
Oh, heaw will life's winter time find us,—
Yon Robin o' mine, an' me !

CHORUS.—Oh, yon Robin, yon Robin.

VI.

Then, hey for kisses an' blushes,
An' hurryin' to an' fro ;
An' hey for sly, sweet whispers,
'That nob dy but me mun know :

Then, hey for rings, an' for ribbins,
An' bonnets, an' posies fine !
An' eh,—it's o' in a flutter,—
This little fond heart o' mine !

CHORUS.—For oh, yon Robin, yon Robin ;
His e'en ne'er twinkle't so breet,
As they did when he meazur't my finger
For th' little gowd ring last neet !





I've Worn My Bits o' Shoon Away.

i.



'VE worn my bits o' shoon¹ away,
 Wi' rovin' up an' deawn,
 To see yon moorlan' valleys, an'
 Yon little country teawn :
 The dule tak' shoon, an' stockin's too !
 My heart feels hutchin'-fain ;
 An', if I trudge it bar-fuut,² lads,
 I'll see yon teawn again !

¹ *Shoon*, shoes.

² *Bar-fuut*, bare-foot.

II.

It's what care I for cities grand,—
We never shall agree ;
I'd rayther live where th' layrock¹ sings,—
A country teawn for me !
A country teawn, where one can meet
Wi' friends an' neighbours known ;
Where one can lounge i'th market-place,
An' see the meadows mown.

III.

Yon moorlan' hills are bloomin' wild
At th' endin' o' July ;
Yon woodlan' cloofs, an' valleys green,—
The sweetest under th' sky ;
Yon dainty rindles,² dancin' deawn
Fro' th' meawntains into th' plain ;—
As soon as th' new moon rises, lads,
I'm off to th' moors again !

IV.

There's hearty lads among yon hills,
An' in yon country teawn ;
They'n far moor sense than prouder folk,—³
I'll uphowd it for a creawn ;

¹ *Th' layrock*, the sky-lark.

² *Dainty rindles*, pretty rills of singing water.

³ *Moor sense than prouder folk*, more sense than prouder people.

They're wick an' warm at wark an' fun,¹
Wherever they may go,—
The primest breed o' lads i'th world,—
Good luck attend 'em o'!

v.

Last neet I laft the city thrung,²
An' climbed yon hillock green ;
An' turned my face to th' moorlan' hills,
Wi' th' wayter i' my e'en ;³
Wi' th' wayter wellin' i' my e'en ;—
I'll bundle up, an' go,
An' I'll live an' dee i' my own countrie,
Where the moorlan' breezes blow !



¹ *Wick an' warm at wark an' fun*, lively and earnest at work and fun.

² *Last neet I laft the city thrung*, last night I left the city throng.

³ *Wi'th' wayter i' my e'en*, with the water in mine eyes.



Gentle Jone.

I.



SEE'D a thowful¹ chap one day,

His face were mild, his toppin'²

gray!

Wi' wanderin' fuut he went astray,

Deawn yon lone:³

I axed a lame owd mon i'th road,

To tell me what that chap were co'd;⁴

Says he, "I thowt oitch body⁵ knowed

Gentle Jone!"

II.

"Owd lad," said I, "just look heaw ronk⁶

These daisies groo'n at th' edge o'th bonk;⁷

Let's keawer us deawn, an' have a conk,—⁸

Just till noon."

¹ *I see'd a thowful*, I saw a thoughtful.

² *Toppin'*, the hair on the front of the head.

³ *Lone*, lane.

⁴ *Co'd*, called.

⁵ *Oitch body*, each body, each person.

⁶ *Ronk*, rank, abundant.

⁷ *Bonk*, a bank of land, a gentle slope.

⁸ *Conk*, a chat.

He poo'd a reech' o' bacco eawt,
 An' cheese an' moufin in a cleawt;²
 An' then began to tell abeawt
 Gentle Jone!

III.

Says he, "Some folk o' brass³ are fond;
 They're cowl i'th heart, an' cramp't i'th hond;⁴
 But yon's the fleawer of o' this lond,—
 Gentle Jone!
 His heart's as true as guinea-gowd;⁵
 He's good to folk 'at's ill an' owd;⁶
 Childer poo'n his lap i'th fowd,—⁷
 Gentle Jone!

IV.

"I'll bet a creawn he's off to th' vale,
 To yer some crayter's soory⁸ tale;
 I never knowed his kindness fail,—
 Gentle Jone!

¹ *Reech*, a smoke.

² *Moufin in a cleawt*, muffin in a clout, or kerchief, or cloth.

³ *Brass*, money.

⁴ *They're cowl i'th heart, an' cramp't i'th hond*, they are cold in the heart, and cramped in the hand.

⁵ *Guinea-gowd*, guinea gold, or gold without alloy.

⁶ *Owd*, old.

⁷ *Fowd*, fold.

⁸ *Soory*, sorry.

O'er hill, an' cloof,¹ an' moss, an' moor,
 He's reet weel² known to folk 'at's poor;
 A welcome fuut at every door,—
 Gentle Jone!

v.

"He taks delight i' rovin' round,
 To quiet nooks where sorrow's found;
 He comes like rain to druffy³ ground,—
 Gentle Jone!
 He's very slow at thinkin' ill;
 He'll pass a faut⁴ wi' reed good will;
 An' doin' good's his pastime still,—
 Gentle Jone!

vi.

An' when I broke this poor owd limb,
 I should ha' dee'd except for him."
 He said no moor; his e'en geet dim,—
 Mine were th' same:
 "Owd brid," said I, "let's have a gill!"
 "Nawe, nawe," said he, "I'm noan so weel;
 It's time to paddle deawn this hill,
 To th' owd dame."

¹ *Cloof*, clough, glen.

² *Reet weel*, right well.

³ *Druffy*, drougthy, parched.

⁴ *Pass a faut*, forgive a fault, or an offence.

⁵ *Noan so weel*, not very well.

VII.

'Twere nearly noon, i'th month o' May ;
We said we'd meet another day ;
An' then th' owd crayter limped away
 Deawn th' green lone.
An' neaw, let's do the thing that's reet,
An' then, when death puts eawt er leet,¹
We's haply ston a chance to meet
 Gentle Jone!



¹ *Puts eawt er leet*, puts out our light.



Tum Rindle.

I.



UM Rindle lope¹ fro' the chimbley nook,
As th' winter sun wur sinkin':
I'm tired o' keawrin'² here i'th smooke,
An' wastin' time i' thinkin':

It frets my heart, an' racks my broo—

It sets my yed a-stewin':

A man that wouldn't dee a foo,

Mun up, an' start a-doin'!

II.

Then, Mally, reitch³ my Sunday shoon,

To rom my bits o' toes in ;

An' hond mo th' jug, fro' top o'th oon,—

An' let mo dip my nose in !

An', come, an' fill it up again ;

An' dunnot look so deawldy ;⁴

There's nought can lick a marlock,⁵ when

One's brains are gettin' meawldy.

¹ *Lope*, leaped.

² *Keawrin'*, sitting, crouching.

³ *Reitch*, reach.

⁴ *Deawldy*, down-hearted.

⁵ *Marlock*, frolic.

III.

Aw'll laithe¹ a rook o' neighbour lads,—
 Frisky cowts,² an' bowd uns;
 An' let 'em bring their manis an' dads;
 We'n have it pranked wi' owd uns!
 An' th' lads an' lasses they sha'n sing,
 An' fuut it, leet an' limber;³
 An' Robin Lilter, he shall bring
 His merry bit o' timber!

IV.

An' Joe shall come, an' Jone, an' Ben;
 An' poor owd limp'in' 'Lijah;
 An' Mall, an' Sall, an' Fan, an' Nan,
 An' curly-pated 'Bijah;
 An' gentle Charlie shall be theer;
 An' little Dick, the ringer;
 An' Moston Sam,—aw like to yer
 A snowy-yedded singer!

V.

I'll poo mi gronny eawt o'th nook,
 An' send for Dolly Maybo',
 For, when hoo's gradely donned,⁴ hoo'll look
 As grand as th' queen o' Shayba;

¹ *Laithe*, invite.

² *Cowts*, colts.

³ *Fuut it, leet an' limber*, foot it light and nimble.

⁴ *Gradely donned*, properly dressed.

An' little Nell shall doance¹ wi' me,—
Eawr Nelly's yung an' bonny ;
An' when aw've had a doance wi' thee,
Aw'll caper wi' my gronny !

VI.

Then, Mally, fill it up again ;
An' dunnot look so deawldy ;
There's nought can lick a marlock, when
One's brains are gettin' meawldy !
We're young an' hearty ; dunnot croak,
Let's frisk it neaw, or never ;
So, here's good luck to country folk,
An' country fun, for ever !



¹ *Doance*, dance.



Bonny Nan.

I.



EIGH, Ned, owd mon,¹ I feel as fain
As th' breetest brid 'at sings i' May;
Come, sit tho deawn; I'll wear a creawn;²
We'n have a roozin rant³ to-day!

Let's doance an' sing; I've bought a ring
For bonny Nan i'th Owler dale;⁴
Then heigh for fun; my mopin's done!
An' neaw I'm brisk as bottle't ale!
Oh, guess, owd brid,
What's beawn to be;
For I like Nan,—
An' hoo likes me!

¹ *Owd mon*, old man, a friendly phrase, applied to both old and young.

² *I'll wear a creawn*, I'll spend five shillings.

³ *Roozin rant*, a rousing frolic.

⁴ *I'th Owler dale*, in the date of the Owler trees.

II.

Twelve months at after Robin dee'd,
 Hoo look'd so deawn, wi' ne'er a smile ;
 I couldn't find i' heart or mind
 To cheep¹ o' weddin' for a while ;
 I thought I'd bide ; but still I sighed
 For th' mournin' cleawd to clear away ;
 I watched her e'en groo breet² again,—
 A layrock tootin' eawt for day !³
 Then, guess, owd brid,
 What's beawn to be ;
 For I like Nan,—
 An' hoo likes me !

III.

My Nanny's fair, an' trim, an' rare ;
 A modest lass, an' sweet to see ;
 Her e'en are blue, her heart it's true,—
 An' Nanny's hardly twenty-three ;
 An' life's so strung, when folk are yung ;
 That waitin' lunger wouldno do ;⁴
 These moor-end lads, hoo turns their yeds,—⁵
 Hoo's bin a widow lung enoo !⁶

¹ *Cheep*, to chirp, to hint at, to allude to slyly.

² *Groo breet*, grow bright.

³ *A layrock tootin' eawt for day*, a skylark peeping out for the dawn of morning.

⁴ *Waitin' lunger wouldno do*, it would not do to wait any longer.

⁵ *These moor-end lads, hoo turns their yeds*, she is turning the heads of these lads who live at the edges of the wild moors.

⁶ *Hoo's bin a widow lung enoo*, she has been a widow long enough.

Then guess, owd brid,
 What's beawn to be ;
 For I like Nan,—
 An' hoo likes me !

IV.

I've sin, at neet, abeawt a leet,¹
 A midge keep buzzin' to an' fro,
 Then dart at th' shine, 'at looked so fine,
 And brun his wings at th' end of o';²
 That midge is me, it's plain to see,—
 My wings are brunt, an' yet, I'm fain ;
 For, wheer I leet,³ I find so sweet,
 I's never want to fly again !

Then guess, owd brid,
 What's beawn to be ;
 For I like Nan,—
 An' hoo likes me !



¹ *At neet, abeawt a leet*, at night about a light.

² *And brun his wings at th' end of o'*, and burn his wings at the end of all.

³ *Lee'*, alight, drop upon.



Tickle Times.

I.



HERE'S Robin looks fearfully gloomy,
An' Jamie keeps starin' at th' greawnd,
He's thinkin' o'th table 'at's empty,
An th' little things yammerin'¹ reawnd ;
It looks very dark just afore us,—
But, keep your hearts eawt o' your shoon,—²
Though clouds may be thickenin' o'er us,
There's lots o' blue heaven aboon !

II.

But, when a mon's honestly willin',
An' never a stroke to be had,
And clemmin'³ for want ov a shillin',—
No wonder that he should be sad ;

¹ *Yammerin'*, making an eager, hungry noise at meal-time.

² *Shoon*, shoes.

³ *Clemmin'*, starving for want of meat.

It troubles his heart to keep seein'
 His little brids¹ feedin' o'th air ;
 An' it feels very hard to be deein',²
 An' never a mortal to care.

III.

But life's sich a quare³ bit o' travel,—
 A marlock⁴ wi' sun an' wi' shade,—
 An' then, on a bowster⁵ o' gravel.
 They lay'n us i' bed wi' a spade ;
 It's no use a peawtin' an' fratchin'—⁶
 As th' whirligig's twirlin' areawnd,
 Have at it again ; an' keep scratchin'
 As lung as yor yed's above greawnd.

IV.

Iv one could but grope i'th inside on't,
 There's trouble i' every heart ;
 An' thoose that'n th' biggest o'th pride on't,
 Oft leeten⁷ o'th keenest o'th smart.
 Whatever may chance to come to us,
 Let's patiently hondle er share,—
 For there's mony a fine suit o' clooas,⁸
 That covers a murderin' care.

¹ *Little brids*, little birds, little children.

² *Dcein'*, dying.

³ *Quare*, queer.

⁴ *Marlock*, frolic.

⁵ *Bowster*, bolster.

⁶ *Peawtin' an' fratchin'*, pouting and quarrelling.

⁷ *Oft leeten*, oft light upon.

⁸ *Clooas*, clothes.

V.

There's danger i' every station,—
 I'th palace as much as i'th cot ;
 There's hanker¹ i' every condition,
 An' canker² i' every lot ;
 There's folk that are weary o' livin',
 That never fear't hunger nor cowl ;
 An' there's mony a miserly craiter,³
 'That's dee'd ov a surfeit o' gowd.

VI.

One feels, neaw 'at times are so nippin',
 A mon's at a troublesome schoo',
 That slaves like a horse for a livin',
 An' flings it away like a foo ;
 But, as pleasur's sometimes a misfortin'
 An' trouble sometimes a good thing,—
 Though we livin' o'th floor same as layrocks,
 We'n go up, like layrocks, to sing !



¹ *Hanker*, to fret for, to long for something.

² *Canker*, a sore place, dissatisfaction.

³ *Craiter*, creature.

⁴ *Layrocks*, larks.



Jamie's Frolic.

I.



NE neet aw crope whoam when my weighvin
were o'er,
To brush mo, an' wesh mo, an' fettle my yure.¹
Then, trailin' abeawt, wi' my heart i' my shoon
Kept tryin' my hond at a bit of a tune,
As Mally sit rockin',
An' darnin' a stockin',
An' tentin'² her bakin' i'th oon.

II.

Th' chylt were asleep, an' my clooas were reet,
Th' baggin'³ were ready, an' o' lookin' sweet;
But, aw're mazy, an' nattle,⁴ an' fasten't to tell
What the dule it could be that're ailin' mysel';
An' it made me so naught,
That, o' someheaw, aw thought,
"Aw could just like a snap at eawr Mall."

¹ *Fettle my yure*, put my hair to rights.

² *Tentin'*, minding, taking care of.

³ *Baggin'*, the afternoon meal.

⁴ *Nattle*, snappish, short-tempered.

III.

Poor lass, hoo were kinder becose aw were quare ;
 "Come, Jamie, an' saddle thisel'¹ in a cheer ;
 Thae's looked very yonderly² mony a day ;
 It's grievin' to see heaw thae'rt wearin' away,
 An' trailin' abeawt,
 Like a hen 'at's i'th meawt ;³
 Do, pritho, poo up to thi tay !

IV.

"Thae wants some new flannels,—thae's gotten a cowl,—
 Thae'rt noather so ugly, my lad, nor so owd,—
 But, thae'rt makin' thisel' into nought but a slave,
 Wi' weighvin', an' thinkin', an' tryin' to save ;—
 Get summat to heyt,⁴
 Or thae'll go eawt o' seet,—
 For thae'rt wortchin'⁵ thisel' into th' grave."

V.

Thinks I, "Th' lass is reet, an' aw houd with her wit ;"
 So, aw said,—for aw wanted to cheer her a bit,—
 "Owd crayter, aw've noan made my mind up to dee,—
 A frolick'll just be the physic for me !
 Aw'll see some fresh places,
 An' look at fresh faces,—
 An' go have a bit ov a spree !"

¹ *Saddle thisel'*, settle thyself.

² *Yonderly*, absent-minded, thinking far away.

³ *I'th meawt*, in the moult, moulting.

⁴ *Get summat to heyt*, get somewhat to eat.

⁵ *Wortchin'*, working.

VI.

Then, bumpin' an' splashin' her kettle went deawn ;
 " I'th name o' good Katty,¹ Jem, wheer arto beawn ?
 An' what sort o' faces dost want,—con to tell ?
 Aw deawt thae'rt for makin' a foo o' thisel',—
 The dule may tent th' oon ;
 Iv aw go witheawt shoon,
 Aw'll see where thae gws to, mysel' ! "

VII.

Thinks I, " Th' fat's i'th fire,—aw mun make it no wur,—
 For there's plenty o' feightin' to do eawt o'th dur,—
 So, aw'll talk very prattily to her, as heaw,
 Or else hoo'll have houd o' my toppin² in neaw ; "
 An' bi th' leet in her e'en,
 It were fair to be seen
 That hoo're ready to rive me i' teaw.³

VIII.

Iv truth mun be tow'd, aw began to be fain
 To study a bit o' my cwortin'⁴ again ;
 So aw said to her, " Mally, this world's rough enoo !
 To fo' eawt⁵ wi' thoose one likes best, winnut do,—
 It's a very sore smart,
 An' it sticks long i'th heart,"—
 An', egad, aw said nought but what's true !

¹ *I'th name o' good Katty*, an ancient saying, " In the name of good St. Catherine."

² *Toppin'*, the hair on the front of the brow.

³ *Rive me i' teaw*, tear me into two.

⁴ *Cwortin'*, courting.

⁵ *To fo' eawt*, to fall out, to quarrel

IX.

Lord, heaw a mon talks when his heart's in his tung!
Aw roos't her¹, poor lass, an' showed hoo wur wrung,
Till hoo took mo bi th' hond, with a tear in her e'e,
An' said, "Jamie, there's nob'dy as tender as thee!

Forgi' mo, lad, do;
For aw'm nobbut a foo,—
An' bide wi' me, neaw, till aw dee!"

X.

So, we'n bide one another, whatever may come;
For, there's no peace i'th world if there's no peace a-whoam;
An' neaw, when a random word gi's her some pain,
Or makes her a little bit cross in her grain,

Sunshine comes back,
As soon as aw crack
O' beginning my cwortin' again.



¹ *Aw roos't her*, I praised her.



Owd Pinder.

I.



WD Pinder were a rackless' foo,
An' spent his days i' sprecin' ;
At th' end of every drinkin'-do,
He're sure to crack o' deein' ;²
"Go, sell my rags, an' sell my shoon ;
Aw's never live to trail 'em ;
My ballis-pipes³ are eawt o' tune,
An' th' wynt⁴ begins to fail 'em !"

II.

"Eawr Matty's very fresh an' yung ;—
'Twould any mon bewilder ,—
Hoo'll wed again afore its lung,
For th' lass is fond o' childer ;

¹ *Rackless*, reckless.

² *Crack o' deein'*, hint at dying.

³ *Ballis-pipes*, bellows-pipes, lungs.

⁴ *Th' wynt*, the wind, the breath.

My bit o' brass'll fly,—yo'n see,—
 When th' coffin-lid has screened me,—
 It gwos again my pluck to dee,
 An' lev¹ her wick beheend me."

III.

"Come, Matty, come, an' cool my yed;
 Aw'm finish'd, to my thinkin' ;"
 Hoo happed him nicely up, an' said,
 "Thae's brought it on wi' drinkin' ;"—
 "Nay, nay," said he, "my fuddle's done ;
 We're partin' t'one fro' t'other;²
 So, promise me that when aw'm gwon,
 Thae'll never wed another !"

IV.

"Th' owd tale," said hoo, an' laft her stoo' ;
 "Its rayly past believin' ;
 Thee think o'th world thea'rt goin' to,
 An' lev this world to th' livin' ;
 What use to me can deead folk be ?
 Thae's kilt thisel' wi' spreein' ;
 An' if that's o' thae wants wi' me,
 Get forrud wi' thi deein' !"³

¹ *Lev*, leave.

² *T'one fro' t'other*, the one from the other.

³ *Get forrud wi' thi deein'*, get forward with thy dying.

V.

He scrat his yed, he rubbed his e'e,
An' then he donned his breeches ;
"Eawr Matty gets as fause,"¹ said he,
"As one o' Pendle witches ;"²
If ever aw'm to muster wit,
It mun be now or never ;
Aw think aw'll try to live a bit ;
It would'nt do to lev her !"



¹ *Fause*, cunning.

² *Pendle witches*, Pendle Forest was notoriously associated with the old witch superstitions of Lancashire.



Th' Goblin Parson.

I.



H' wynt wur still i'th shade o'th hill,
An' stars began o' glowin',
I'th fadin' leet, one summer neet,
When th' dew wur softly foin';
Wi' weary shanks, by primrose banks,
Where rindlin' weet¹ wur shinin',
Aw whistle't careless, wanderin' slow,
Toward my cot inclinin'.

II.

Through th' woodlan' green aw tooted² keen,
For th' little window winkin';—
Th' stars may shine, they're noan as fine
As Matty's candle blinkin';
O'er th' rosy hedge aw went to th' ridge
O'th lonesome-shaded plantin',³
To get another blink o'th leet
That set my heart a-pantin'.

¹ *Rindlin' weet*, a little wandering, musical rill.

² *Tooted*, peeped.

³ *Plantin'*, plantation.

III.

Then deawn bi th' well i'th fairy-dell,
 Wi' trees aboon it knittin',
 Where, near an' fur, ther nowt astir
 But bats i'th eawl-leet' flittin';
 An' feeorfu' seawnds that rustle't reawnd
 I' mony a goblin-flitter,
 As swarmin' dark to flaysome wark²
 'They flew wi' fiendish titter.

IV.

Theer, reet anent, aw geet a glent³
 That brought a shiver o'er me,
 For, fair i'th track ther summat black
 Coom creepin' on afore me;
 It wur not clear,—but it wur theer,—
 Wi' th' gloomy shadow blendin',
 Neaw black an' slim, neaw grey an' grim,
 Wi' noather side nor endin'.

V.

Cowd drops wur tremblin' o' my broo,
 As there aw stooode belated;⁴
 Aw durstn't turn,—aw durstn't goo,—
 But shut my e'en, an' waited;

¹ *Eawl-leet*, twilight, when owls begin to cry.

² *Flaysome wark*, fearful work.

³ *Reet anent, aw geet a glent*, right a-head I got a glimpse.

⁴ *Belated*, benighted.

An' just as aw begun to pray,
 There coom fro' th' creepin' spectre
 A weel known voice, that said, "Well, James!"—
 'Twur nowt but th' village rector.

VI.

"Well, James," said he, "I'm fain to see
 Your pew so weel attended,
 But then, yo shouldn't fo' asleep
 Afore my sarmon's ended;
 To dreawsy ears it's useless quite
 To scatter holy teychin';¹
 Why don't yo bring a bit o' snuff,
 An' tak' it while I'm preychin'?"²

VII.

"Well, well," said aw, "there's mony a way
 O' keepin' e'en fro' closin',
 A needle would keep th' body wake,
 An' th' soul might still be dozin':—
 But this receipt would set it reet,
 If th' mixture wur a warm un,—
 Yo' get some stingin' gospel-snuff,
 An' put it into th' sarmon."

¹ *Teychin'*, teaching.

² *Preychin'*, preaching.

VIII.

He stare't like mad, but th' good owd lad
Then grip't my hond, warm-hearted,
An' said, "Yo're reet, yo're reet—good neet!"
An' that wur heaw we parted.
It touched my heart, an' made it smart,
He spoke so mild and pratty;—
Aw blest him as he walked away,
An' then went whoam to Matty.





Come, Jamie, let's Undo thi Shoon.

I.



OME, Jamie, let's undo thi shoon ;
An' don't summat dry o' thi feet ;
Wi' toilin' i'th sheaw'r up an' deawn ;
Aw'm fleyed² at thi stockin's are weet ;

An', here, wi' my yung uns i'th neest,
Aw've bin heark'nin' to th' patter o'th rain,
An' longing for th' wanderin' brid
To comfort my spirits again.

II.

To-day, when it pelted at th' height,
"Aw'll ston it no longer," said I ;
For, rayly,³ it didn't look reet
To keawer⁴ under cover so dry ;
So though it were rainin' like mad,
Aw thought,—for my heart gav a swell,—
"Come deawn asto will, but yon lad
Shall not have it o' to his-sel' !"

¹ *Don*, to do on, to put on.

² *Fleyed*, afraid

³ *Rayly*, really.

⁴ *Keawer*, to sit, to rest in a couching posture.

III.

So, whippin' my bucket i'th rain,
 Aw ga' th' bits o' windows a swill;
 An', though aw geet drenched to my skin,
 Aw're better content wi' mysel';
 But, theaw stons theer smilin' o'th floor,
 Like a sun-fleawer drippin' wi' weet;
 Eh, Jamie, theaw knowsn't, aw'm sure,
 Heaw fain aw'm to see tho to-neet!

IV.

Eh, lass, what's a sheawer to me?
 Aw've plenty o' sun in my breast,
 Mi wark keeps me hearty an' free,
 An' gi's me a relish for rest;
 Aw'm noan made o' sugar nor saut,
 That melts wi' a steepin' o' rain;
 An', as for my jacket,—it's nought,—
 Aw'll dry it bi th' leet o' thi e'en!¹

V

Come, sit tho down close by my side,—
 Aw'm full as a cricket wi' glee;
 Aw'm trouble't wi' nothin' but pride,
 An' o' on it owing to thee;
 Theaw trim little pattern for wives;—
 Come, give a poor body a kiss!
 Aw wish every storm of our lives
 May end up as nicely as this!

¹ *Th' leet o' thi e'en*, the light of thine eyes.



While takin' a Wift o' my Pipe.

I.



WHILE takin' a wift o' my pipe, t'other neet,
 A thowt trickled into my pate,
 That sulkin' becose everything isn't sweet,
 Is nobbut a foolish consate ;¹

If mon had bin made for a bit of a spree,
 An' th' world were a marlockin' schoo',²
 Wi' nought nobbut heytin', an' drinkin', an' glee,
 An' haliday gam³ to go through,
 He'd sicken afore
 His frolic were o'er,
 An' feel he'd bin born for a foo.

¹ *Consate*, conceit.

² *Marlockin' schoo'*, a frolicking school.

³ *Haliday gam*, holiday game, holiday fun.

II.

Poor crayter, he's o' discontentment an' deawt,
 Whatever his fortin may be ;
 He's just like a choilt¹ at goes cryin' abeawt,
 "Eawr Johnny's moor traycle nor me ;"
 One minute he's trouble't, next minute he's fain,
 An' then, they're so blended i' one,
 It's hard to tell whether he's laughin' through pain
 Or whether he's peawtin' for fun ;—
 He stumbles, an' grumbles,
 He struggles, an' juggles,—
 He capers a bit,—an' he's gone.

III.

It's wise to be humble i' prosperous ways,
 For trouble may chance to be nee ;²
 It's wise for to struggle wi' sorrowful days,
 Till sorrow breeds sensible glee ;
 He's rich that, contented wi' little, lives weel,
 An' nurses that little to moor ;
 He's weel off 'at's rich, if he nobbut can feel
 He's brother to thoose that are poor ;
 An' to him 'at does fair,
 Though his livin' be bare,
 Some comfort shall ever be sure.

¹ *Choilt*, child.

² *Nee*, near.

IV.

We'n nobbut a lifetime a-piece here below,
An' th' lungest is very soon spent ;
There's summat aboon measur's cuts ¹ for us o',
An' th' most on 'em nobbut a fent ;²
Lung or short, rough or fine, little matter for that,
We'n make th' best o'th stuff till it's done,
An' when it leets eawt to get rivven ³ a bit,
Let's darn it as weel as we con ;
When th' order comes to us
To doff these old clooas,⁴
There'll surely be new uns to don.



¹ *Cuts*, a name for a weaver's piece, or web of cloth.

² *Fent*, a part or fragment of the web of cloth.

³ *Rivven*, torn.

⁴ *Clooas*, clothes.



God Bless Thi Silver Yure.

I.



ONE, lad, though thi hond's
Like reawsty¹ iron to feel,
There's very few i'th lond
Aw like to gripe² as weel,
Tha'll never dee i'th dumps
Becose o' bein' poor,
Thae good owd king o' trumps,—
God bless thi silver yure!

II.

Poo up to th' side o'th hob,³
An' rest thi weary shanks,
An' dunnot fret thi nob
Wi' fortin an' her pranks;
These folk 'at's preawd an' rich
May tremble at her freawn;—
They'n further far nor sich
As thee to tumble deawn.

¹ *Reawsty*, rusty.

² *Gripe*, grip.

³ *Hob*, a ledge close to the fire-grate.

III.

Theaw never longs for wine,
Nor dainties rich an' rare,
For sich a life as thine
Can sweeten simple fare ;
Contented wi' thi meal,
Thae's wit enough to know
That daisies liven¹ weel
Where tulips cannot grow.

IV.

An' though thi clooas² are rough,
An' gettin' very owd,
They'n onswer weel enough
To keep thi limbs fro' cowl ;
A foo would pine away
I' sich a suit as thine,
But, thaer't the stuff to may
A fustian jacket fine.

V.

A tattered clout may lap
A very noble prize ;
A king may be, by hap,
A beggar i' disguise.

¹ *Liven*, do live.

² *Clooas*, clothes.

When t'one has laft his feast,
 An' t'other done his crust,¹
 Then, which is which, at last,—
 These little piles o' dust ?

VI.

An' though thy share o' life,
 May seem a losin' game,
 Thae's striven fair i'th strife,
 An' kept a dacent aim ;
 No meawse-nooks² i' thi mind,
 Nor malice i' thi breast,
 Thae's still bin true an' kind,
 An' trusted fate wi' th' rest.

VII.

Through trouble, toil, an' wrung,
 Thae's whistle't at thi wark,
 Thae's wroastle't life so lung,
 Thi limbs are gettin' stark ;
 But sich a heart as thine's
 A never failin' friend ;
 It cheers a mon's decline,
 An' keeps it sweet to th' end.

¹ " *When t'one has laft his feast,
 An' t'other done his crust.*"

" *When the one has left his feast,
 And the other done his crust.*"

² *Meawse-nooks*, secret places.

VIII.

Thy banner'll soon be furled,
An' then they'n ha' to tell,
"He travelled th' dirty world,
An' never soil't his-sel'!"
An' when aw come to dee,
An' death has taen his tow,¹
Aw hope to leet² o' thee,—
God bless thi snowy pow!³



¹ *Tow*, toll.

² *Leet*, to alight upon, to meet with.

³ *Pow*, poll.



Margit's Comin'.

I.



H! Sam, whatever doesto meeon?
Aw see thae'rt theer i'th nook again,—
Where aw've a gill thae's nine or ten;
Hast dropt into a fortin?

Aw wonder heaw a mon can sit
An' waste his bit o' wage an' wit:
Iv aw're thi wife, aw'd make tho flit,—
Wi' little time to start in.

II.

But, houd; yo'r Margit's up i'th teawn;
Aw yerd her ax for thee at th' Crown;
An' just meet neaw, aw scamper't deawn;—
It's true as aught i'th Bible!
Thae knows yo'r Margit weel, ov owd;¹
Her tung,—it makes mo fair go cowl,
Sin' th' day hoo broke my nose i'th fowl
Wi' th' edge o'th porritch thible.²

¹ *Ov owd*, of old.

² *Porritch thible*, a piece of wood to stir boiling porridge with.

III.

It's ten to one hoo'll¹ co' in here,
 An' poo² tho eawt o'th corner cheer ;
 So, sit fur³ back, where th' runnin's clear ;—
 Aw'll keep my e'en o'th window ;
 Thae'm⁴ mind thi hits, an' when aw sheawt,
 Be limber-legged,⁵ an' lammas⁶ eawt ;
 An', though hoo'll not believe, aw deawt,
 Aw'll swear aw never sin tho.

IV.

Aw'll bite my tung,⁷ aw will, bi th' mon ;
 Aw'll plug my ears up, till hoo's gone ;
 A grooin' tree⁸ could hardly ston
 A savage woman flytin' ;
 If folk were nobbut o' i'th mind
 To make their bits o' booses⁹ kind,
 There'd be less wanderin' eawt to find
 A corner to be quiet in.

¹ *Hoo'll*, she'll, she will.

² *Poo*, pull.

³ *Fur*, further.

⁴ *Thae'm*, thou must.

⁵ *Limber-legged*, nimble-legged.

⁶ *Lammas*, to run away.

⁷ *Tung*, tongue.

⁸ *A grooin' tree*, a growing tree.

⁹ *Booses*, resting-places, generally applied to the stalls of a cattle-shed.

V.

It's nearly three o'clock bi th' chime :
 This ale o' Jem's is very prime ;
 Aw'll keawer mo deawn till baggin'-time,¹
 An' have a reech² o' bacco ;
 Aw guess thae's yerd o' Clinker lad³
 An' Liltin' Jenny gettin' wed ;⁴
 An' Collop gooin' wrang i'th yed,—⁵
 But, that's nought mich to crack o'.⁶

VI.

There's news that chaps 'at wore a creawn,
 Are getting powler't⁷ up an' deawn ;
 They're puncin'⁸ 'em fro' teawn to teawn,
 Like foot-bo's in a pastur' ;

¹ *Aw'll keawer mo deawn till baggin'-time*, I will sit me down till the afternoon meal-time.

² *Reech*, a smoke.

³ *Thae's yerd o' Clinker lad*, thou hast heard of Clinker's lad.

⁴ *Gettin' wed*, getting married.

⁵ *Wrang i'th yed*, wrong in the head, crazy.

⁶ *That's nought mich to crack o'*, that's not much to talk of, or to wonder at.

⁷ *Powler't*, jolted, knocked to and fro.

⁸ *Puncin'*, kicking.

⁹ *Like foot-bo's in a pastur'*, like footballs in a field.

Yon Garibaldi's gan 'em silk ;¹
 Th' owd lad ; he's fairly made 'em swilk ;²
 An' neaw, they sen he's sellin' milk³
 To raise new clooas for Ayster.⁴

VII.

There's some are creepin' eawt o'th slutch,⁵
 An' some are gettin' deawn i'th doitch ;⁶
 Bi th' mon,⁷ aw never yerd of sich
 A world for change o' fortin'!
 They're gooin' groanin' eawt o'th seet,
 They're comin' cryin' into th' leet ;
 But, howd ! aw yerd, o' Monday neet,
 A tale abeawt a cwortin'.⁸

¹ *Gan 'em silk*, given them silk, thrashed them finely, thoroughly.

² *Swilk*, to make a noise inside, like a half-filled barrel, when shaken.

³ *He's sellin' milk*, an allusion to Garibaldi's farming in the island of Caprera.

⁴ *To raise new clooas for Ayster*, to raise new clothes for Easter. Country people in Lancashire generally make a superstitious struggle to wear some kind of new clothing on Easter Sunday.

⁵ *Slutch*, mire.

⁶ *Doitch*, ditch.

⁷ *Bi th' mon*, by the man, an ancient allusion to the Saviour of mankind.

⁸ *Cwortin'*, courting.

VIII.

Poo up!¹ aw'll tell it iv aw con ;
Thae knows that little bow-legged mon,
But, heigh,—owd lad ! yo'r Margit's yon,—
 Hoo's comin' like a racer !—
Some foo² has put her upo' th' track ;
Cut, Sam ; hoo'll have us in a crack !
Aw said hoo'd come,—let's run eawt th' back ;
 Bi th' mass,³ aw dar not face her !



¹ *Poo up*, pull up.

² *Foo*, fool.

³ *Bi th' mass*, by the mass.



Hard Weather.

WINTER, 1878-9.

I.



GOOD lorjus days, what times are these,
For clemmin' an' for cowl ;
For doleful looks, an' wintry nooks,
Where folk are poor an' owd ;
For hopeless care an' dark despair,
An' gloomy want o' trust ;
For fireless hearths, an' cupboards bare,
An' bitter want o' crust.
But, bide lads, bide,
For a happier tide ;
An' keep yor hearts out o' yor shoon ;
Through thick an' thin,
We'n ne'er give in :
There's a bit o' blue sky aboon !

II.

There never wur sich mournful cries
O' famine yerd afore ;
John Chinaman's bin clemmed to death,
An' India's suffered sore ;

Yor mills may weel be stonnin' still,
Yor markets weel be slack ;
For when folk's nipt for want o' meight,
They'n nought to spare for th' back.
CHORUS—But, bide lads, &c.

III.

Sich strikes, an' rows, an' breakages,
There never yet wur known ;
Sich frettin', an' sich chettin', an'
Sich bitter starvin' moan ;
These knavish pranks i' trusted banks
Are spreadin' ruin round ;
An' every hour, the tradin' ranks
Are crashin' to the ground.
CHORUS—But, bide lads, &c.

IV.

Whilst trade declines, an' taxes rise,
And ruin stalks the land,
We groan to see the good we prize,
Crushed by a rampant band ;
'Tis ours to watch each bloody fray,
And mad gunpowder plot ;
And, win the day whoever may,
'Tis ours to pay the shot.
CHORUS—But, bide lads, &c.

V.

Though th' bitter air, an' livin' bare,
Gets keener every day ;
An' th' emptier folks' pockets are,
The more they han to pay ;
Though strikes, an' wars, an' swindlin' tricks
Are sendin' th' wide world wrong ;
Yet, come what will, this shall be still
The burden of my song,—
CHORUS—Bide, lads, bide, &c.





Come, Limber Lads.

I.



OME, limber¹ lads, so leet an' gay,
Aw'm fain we're wick an' hearty ;
To-neet we'n have a haliday—
To-morn we's find it warty :²
Like sailors, thrut³ bi th' stormy main
Into a nook together,—
One hour o' friendly, fun an' then,
Again for wind and weather.

II.

Owd Time,—though, when a mon's i'th dumps,
He's seldom in a hurry,—
Nips up his shins, an' off he stumps,
The minute one gets merry ;
Life's road,—though not as dree⁴ as his,—
It's harder wark to travel ;
One leets o' few sich nooks as this,
An' th' journey ends i'th gravel.

¹ *Limber*, lithe, active.

² *Warty*, wark-day, work-day.

³ *Thrut*, thrown.

⁴ *Dree*, wearily, continuous.

III.

Then clink and sing, my lucky lads,
 An' frisk it while yo'r able ;
 There's cheepin' layrocks¹ round the board,
 An' plenty upo' th' table.
 Come, crack yo'r jokes, an' let 'em leet,
 O' sly deception scornin' ;
 We'n prank it out wi' glee to-neet,
 An' strike to wark i'th mornin'.

IV.

If o' that wanders under th' sky
 Be grass, that cannot linger,
 Let every mortal blade that's dry
 Cock up his little finger.
 Then, fill for him that's full o' fun,—
 An' let it be a thumper ;
 An' th' lad that thinks he's nearly done,
 We'n rooze him wi' a bumper !

V.

An' now, to end this friendly rant,—
 Turn up yo'r tots² to th' ceilin' ;
 Let's hope that he may ne'er feel scant
 That's never scant o' feelin' !
 Good luck to th' lad that wants a wife,
 Wi' rosy chens³ to bind him !
 An' th' mon that wants a foo,—bi th' life,—
 I'th lookin'-glass he'll find him !

¹ *Cheepin' layrocks*, chirruping larks.

² *Tots*, little drinking vessels.

Chens chains.



The Garland.

AIR—" *Cupid's Garden.*"

I.

T WAS when the dawn of mornin'
Began to stir i'th sky,
I donned mysel' to wander
Afore the dew wur dry ;
To wander in the gay greenwood,
Reet early I did rove,—
I could not sleep upon my bed
For thinkin' of my love.

II.

Down in a bonny dingle,
Where sometimes we did stray
Our vows of love to mingle,
At close of summer day ;
It's there, where oft among her hair
The flowers of spring I've wove,
I sat me down to think upon
The girl that I do love.

III.

It's there I made a garlan',
My darlin' for to don,
And the posies that were in it,
They shined like the sun ;
The dewy posies, wild and sweet,
All in the leafy grove ;
It breaks my heart to think upon
The girl that I do love.

IV.

The cowslip, and the speedwell,
With a dewdrop in its e'e,—
An' the wild rose, an' the bluebell,
They blend so bonnilie ;
An' the honey-suckle, wand'rin' wild.
With violets blue, I wove ;
They made me for to think upon
The girl that I do love.

V.

An' when I poo'd my posies,
The small birds they did sing ;
An' when I wove my garlan',
They made the woods to ring ;
On every tree, the wild birds' glee,
Rang through the leafy grove,
As I came away, at dawn of day,
Still thinkin' of my love.

VI.

Oh, the mornin' sun it rises
To cheer my heart's delight,
An' the silver moon she wanders
Among the clouds at night ;
An' the twinklin' stars that look so fine,
All in the heavens above,—
At wark or play, by neet an' day,
I'm thinkin' of my love.





These Bonny Bits o' Childer.

AIR—"Has sorrow thy young days shaded?"

1.



EVER tell me that childer are tiresome ;
They're th' best little craiters alive ;
An' i'th beautiful country aboon us
They're throng as a humma-bee hive :
The sunlight of heaven beams round them,
An' seldom a mortal can meet,
In this changeable world that we're born to,
With aught so unsullied an' sweet !

CHORUS—Never tell me that childer are tiresome,
They're th' best little craiters alive !
An' i'th beautiful country aboon us,
They're throng as a humma-bee hive.

II.

Wi' their prattlin' talk an' their marlocks
They keepen a body's heart green ;
An' i'th gloomiest hour o' life's winter
I can sun me i'th leet o' their e'en :
Wi' th' sound o' their sweet chicken-music
They maken my little cote ring,
Like a cagefull o' twitterin' angels
That's sent down from heaven to sing !

CHORUS—Never tell me that childer are tiresome, &c.

III.

An' when I grow weary wi' thinkin',
An' everything round me seems dark,
They keepen my spirits fro' sinkin',
An' senden me back to my wark :
For I feel that there's somethin' to live for,
Though everythin' else should depart ;
An' there's nought in the wide world so precious
As treasures that sweeten the heart !

CHORUS—Never tell me that childer are tiresome, &c.

IV.

An' when eventide deepens around us,
An' I get 'em laid snugly to rest,
I sometimes creep up again softly,
'To look at 'em lyin' i'th nest :

An' then the quiet tears come down dreepin' ;
As I sit by the bedside alone ;
For the face of a little child sleepin'
Would soften the heart of a stone.

CHORUS—Then never say childer are tiresome, &c.

v.

Oh, the sunshine of heaven enfolds them,
An' seldom a mortal can meet
In this changeable world that we're born to,
With aught so unsullied an' sweet !
Then never say childer are tiresome ;
They're th' best little craiters alive,
An' i'th beautiful country aboon us
They're throng as a humma-bee hive.





To my Old Fiddle.

I.



H, David was a famous king,
An' maister man o' singers ;
His fiddle was a witching thing
When touched by David's fingers :
But David never stirred a string
To melody as fine, oh,
And David's fiddle couldn't sing
Like this owd brid o' mine, oh !

II.

My bonny little angel-neest,
So tender, sweet an' funny,
I wouldn't swap my music-kist
To own a mint o' money.
I sometimes think it's gradely wick ;
There's singin' brids inside on't ;
An' not a string but's swarmin' thick
Wi' little elves astride on't !

III.

For it can sob, an' moan, an' sigh,
An' it can pout an' whimper ;
An' it can coax an' wheedle sly,
An' it can lisp and simper :
An' it can laugh, an' crow, an' shout,
An' it can wail so keen, oh,
Folk connot see their gate about
For th' wayter i' their e'en, oh !

IV

Th' wood were groon i' fairy-lond
That th' bits o' pegs were made on ;
An' every nook on't thrills wi' life
The minute that it's played on :
For th' younger end o' fairy-folk,
They're dancin' upo' th' bridge on't ;
They're caperin' upo' th' fiddle-bow,
An' ridin' upo' th' ridge on't !

V.

As I go tweedlin' up an' down
I meet wi' welcome free, oh !
There's never a mon that comes to town
They're haue as fain to see, oh :
For th' childer bring'n me butter cakes,
To tickle up my timber ;
An' fuddlers bring'n me gills of ale,
To make my elbow limber !

VI.

My darlin' little singin' brid,
We'n both grown owd together ;
An' we'n bin kind an' faithful friends,
Through dark an' sunny weather :
An' though nought else should make a moan
The day that I shall dee, oh,
If they'n let this little brid alone
It'll sing a hymn for me, oh !





It's Time to be Joggin' Away.

AIR—" *Grana Waile.*"

I.



WHEN pitchers are empty an' pouches are bare,
It's time to be joggin' away ;
When they're grievin' the heart an' they're
stintin' the fare,
It's time to be joggin' away :
When they're snappin' an' fratchin' an' peevishly catchin'
At th' best that a body can say ;
When love's taen amiss, with a winterly kiss.
It's time to be joggin' away.

II.

At the close of the day, when the sun has gone down,
It's time to be joggin' away.
When night draws a curtain of deepenin' frown,
It's time to be joggin' away :
When the sky has no moon, an' from dark clouds aboon
No star shows a glimmerin' ray ;
When the journey is lone, an' the gatherin' winds moan,
It's time to be joggin' away.

III.

When slander is loud, an' when tricksters are proud,
It's time to be joggin' away.
When truth meets with slight, an' when craft wins the fight,
It's time to be joggin' away ;
When rascals grow bold, an' when cronies grow cold,
An' cross to the opposite way,
When foemen look sly, an' when neighbours look shy,
It's time to be joggin' away.

IV.

When the night brings no rest, an' the daylight no cheer,
It's time to be joggin' away ;
When the heart's full of pain, an' the head full of care,
It's time to be joggin' away ;
When favours are sold, an' affection grows cold,
An' kindness begins to decay ;
When friendship has fled, an' we live with the dead,
It's time to be joggin' away.

V.

When the shank's growin' slim, an' the eye's growin' dim,
It's time to be joggin' away ;
When the foot totters slow, an' the pulse flutters low,
It's time to be joggin' away ;
When the blood's gettin' thin, an' we're wearied wi' din,
It draws to the close of the day ;
Then farewell to all, for the passing bells call,—
It's time to be joggin' away.



Little Cattle, Little Care.

I.



ADDIE, good dog, the day-wark's done,
The sun's low in the west ;
The lingering wild birds, one by one,
Are flitting to the nest :
Mild evening's fairy fingers close
The curtains of the day,
And the drowsy landscape seeks repose
In twilight shadows grey.
Little cattle, little care ;
Lie thee down, Laddie !

II.

We never owned a yard o' ground,
We'n little wealth in hand ;
But thee an' me can sleep as sound
As th' richest folk i'th land ;
And when they're all alike laid down,
And lapped in dreamless snooze,
Between a monarch and a clown
There's not a pin to choose.

Little cattle, little care ;
Lie thee down, Laddie !

III.

Let the miser hug his glittering prey,
An' think his joys complete ;
Let him root among it all the day,
An' count it o'er at neet ;
He can trail it but to th' end o'th road,
Where life's short tale is told ;
'Then death takes off his golden load,
And leaves him in the cold.

Little cattle, little care ;
Lie thee down, Laddie !

IV.

Then come, good dog, the day-wark's done ;
We'll let the world roll by ;
There's never a king below the sun
As happy as thou an' I ;

For though kings lie on beds of down,
Sweet sleep they seldom find ;
An' there's not a jewel in all the crown
That's worth a quiet mind.

Little cattle, little care ;
Lie thee down, Laddie !





Cradle Song.

I.



H' child cries i'th cradle ;
 Th' cake bruns o'th stone ;¹
 Th' cow moos i'th milkin' gap,
 At th' end o'th loan.

II.

The cat purs o'th hearthstone ·
 Th' clock ticks i'th nook ;
 Th' kettle sings o'th hob ; an'
 Th' pon hangs o'th hook.²

¹ The "bak-stone," or baking-stone.

² The rack-and-hook, in the chimney.

III.

Th' woint roars i'th chimbley ;
Brings down the soot ;
Mam knits, an' sings, an'
Rocks with her fuut.

IV.

Nan's off a-churnin' ;
Dick's gone to th' barn ;
Lap little Billy up,
To keep him warm.

V.

Round Billy's curly yed,
Good fairies play ;
Tentin' his little bed,
Till break o' day.

VI.

One day brings sunshine ;
Th' next day brings rain ;
No day brings Billy's dad
Back here again.

VII.

Sleep, little darlin', sleep ;
God watch o'er thee !
Thou'rt o' that's left i'th world,
To comfort me !





The Little Doffer.

I.



MERRY little doffer lad
Coom down to Shapper's mill,
To see if he could get a shop ;
He said his name wur "Bill."

II.

"Bill what, my lad?" th' o'erlooker said ;
"Arto co'de nought beside?"
"Oh, yigh," said th' lad ; "they co'n me things—
Sometimes,—'at's bad to bide!"

III.

"But what's thi faither's name, my lad ?
Thou'll surely tell me that !"
Said th' lad, "Some co'n him 'Apple Dad,'—
His gradely name's 'Owd Hat.'"

IV.

“My uncle Joe’s co’de ‘Flopper Chops!’
An’ sometimes ‘Owd Betide!’
They co’n him thoose at th’ weighvin’-shops;
An’ I know nought beside.”

V.

Said th’ o’erlooker, “I know owd Joe,—
He weighvs for Billy Grime;
But, what dun they co’ *thee*, my lad,
When they co’n at *dinner-time*?”

VI.

Th’ lad grinned, an’ said, “They never han
To co’ me *then*,—no fear!”
Said th’ o’erlooker, “How’s that, my lad?”
Said th’ lad, “I’M ALWAYS THEER!”

VII.

“My lad, thou looks a lively cowl;
Keen as a cross-cut saw;
Short yure, sharp teeth, a twinklin’ e’e,
An’ a little hungry maw!”

VIII.

“But, wheer hasto bin wortchin’ at?
What’s brought tho down *our* way?”
Said th’ lad, “I wortched for Tommy Platt;
He’s gan me th’ bag, to-day.”

IX.

“Thou’s brought thi character, I guess?”

Says th’ lad, “yo’re wrang, I doubt:”

Says th’ o’erlooker to th’ lad, “How’s this?”

Says th’ lad, “I’M BETTER BOWT!”

X.

Said th’ o’erlooker, “I never see

Sich a whelp sin I wur born!

But, I’ll try what I can make o’ thee:

Come to thi wark to-morn!”





Heigh, Lads, Heigh!

I.



H, I're fidgin' fain to drop my wark
 When gloamin' shades coom softly down;
 An' off I went, at th' edge o' dark,
 To th' bonniest lass i' Rachda' town.

I're i' sich a flutter to tak the gate
 That I'd hardly time to tee my shoon;
 For my heart beat wild, with love elate,
 An' my tinglin' feet kept time to th' tune.
 Sing heigh, lads, heigh; sing ho, lads, ho;
 What's to betide us who can know?

II.

On wings of bliss, away I flew,
 O'er moor, an' moss, an' posied lea ;
 I started mony a brid fro' th' bough,
 But never a brid as blithe as me :
 An' when I coom to th' foamin' bruck,
 Bonk-full o' wayter, spreadin' wide,
 I took a sprint, went o'er like woint,
 An' let a yard o' t'other side.
 Sing heigh, lads, heigh ; sing ho, lads, ho ;
 What's to betide us who can know ?

III.

At seet o'th gable-end o'th cot
 I rubbed my honds and marlocked round ;
 An' I trimmed my clooas fro' yed to foot,
 For I felt mysel' o' fairy ground :
 But when I met wi' fickle Kate,
 Hoo lost no time to let me see
 That hoo'd set her cap another gate,
 An' hoo wanted no more truck wi' me.
 Sing heigh, lads, heigh ; sing ho, lads, ho ;
 What's to betide us who can know ?

IV.

I hung about a while, an' I
 Coom trailing whoam bi th' leet o'th moon ;
 An' at every step I hove a sigh,
 For my heart had sunk into my shoon :

An' when I'd gotten a mile o'th gate
I sat me down by th' owd draw-well,
An' I felt i' sich a doleful state
That I'd haue a mind to drown mysel'.
Sing heigh, lads, heigh ; sing ho, lads, ho ;
What's to betide us who can know ?

v.

"What ails yon lad ?" my faither said ;
"There's summat has ta'en him sadly down ;
For he sits i'th nook, an' he hangs his yed ;
An' I doubt he's lost his gate to th' town.
Come, Robin ; don't tak' thy luck so ill ;
Keep up thy heart, and caper round ;
For if one love winnot another will,
An' there's plenty o' lasses left o'th ground !"
Sing heigh, lads, heigh ; sing ho, lads, ho ;
What's to betide us who can know ?





Toothsome Advice.

I.



H, Nanny ; thou'rt o' out o' gear ;
Do, pray tho, go peep into th' glass ;
Thou looks dirty, an' deawly, an' queer ;
Whatever's to do witho, lass ? ”

“ Bless yo, Mary ; if folk nobbut knew
The trouble I have wi' yon lad !—
He's at th' alehouse again, wi' th' owd crew .
It's enough to drive ony mon mad ! ”

II.

“ Eh, my wench I'm mich owder than thee,
An' it grieves me to see tho like this ;
So, pray tho, now, hearken to me ;
An' don't go an' tak' it amiss :
Thou once wur nice-lookin', an' mild,
An' tidily donned, too, as well ;
But, now, thou'rt quite sluttish an' wild
About both thi house, an' thisel' .

III.

“It’s hard to keep things reet with aught
That a body can manage to do ;
But, a mon’s sure to stray when he’s nought
But dirt an’ feaw looks to come to :
If thou wants to keep Jamie i’th house,
Thou mun bait th’ trap wi’ comfort, my lass ;
Or, there’s lots o’ nooks, canty an’ crouse,
Where he’ll creep with his pipe an’ his glass.

IV.

“Thou mun keep his whoam pleasant an’ sweet ;
An’ everything fit to be seen ;
Thou mun keep thi hearth cheerful an’ breet ;
Thou mun keep thisel’ tidy an’ clean ;
A good-temper’t wife *will* entice
To a fireside that’s cosy an’ trim ;
Men liken to see their wives nice ;
An’ I’m sure that it’s so wi’ yor Jem.

V.

Thou mun have his meals cooked to his mind,
At th’ reet time, an’ daicently laid ;
Tak’ pains ; an’ thou’ll very soon find
How nice a plain dish can be made :
Good cookin’ keeps likin’ alive,
With a woman that’s noan short o’ wit ;
An’ there’s never a craiter i’th hive
But’s fond of a toothsome tit bit !”

VI.

“Eh, Mary ; I’m nought of a cook,
But just rough an’ ready, yo known ;
As for roastin’ an’ boilin’ bi th’ book,—
I’m o’ little more use than a stone !”
“Don thi bonnet ; an’ hie tho wi’ me ;
I’ll soon put tho reet, if thou’ll come ;
An’ I’ll larn tho some cookin’, thou’ll see,
That’ll help to keep Jamie at whoam !”





Cock Robin.

AIR—" *With Wellington we'll go.*"

I.



COCK Robin coom o' daicent folk ;
He was the village pride,—
The tightest, sweetest, soundest lad
That stept the moorlan' side :
Fro' top to toe he stood six feet ;
His voice was loud and clear ;
But he could whisper low an' sweet
When a bonny lass was near.

II.

Cock Robin had a witchin' tongue,
It made folk laugh an' cry ;
An' he won the hearts of owd an' young
Wi' th' love-leet in his eye :

An' as he wandered through the fields
He made the valley ring ;
An' th' country lasses pricked their ears
To yer young Robin sing.

III.

Young Robin was the blithest cow!
That frolicked on the green ;
The king of o' the lads i'th fowd,
The darlin' of the scene :
With happy heart, in nature's lap,
He wandered wild and free,
Though mony a sweet lass set her cap
To catch his twinklin' e'e.

IV.

But there was one dear lass that bore
From all the world the bell,
An' touched his heart for evermore
With love's delightful spell :
With modest charms, unknown to guile,
She made her conquest sweet,
An' brought the roving minstrel down
To warble at her feet.

V.

Now Robin feels the mystic power
Of true love here below,
An' Robin owns the richest dower
That angels can bestow !
He flits no more from bough to bough ;
His soarings wild have ceased ;
His songs are all for Mally now,
An' th' little brids i'th neest !





Owd Roddle

I.



WD Roddle wur tattert an' torn,
With a bleart an' geawly e'e;
He're wamble, an' slamp, an' unshorn;
A flaysome cowl to see:
Houseless, without a friend,
The poor owd wand'rin' slave
Crawled on to his journey's end,
Wi' one of his feet i'th grave:
Poor owd Roddle!

II.

Owd Roddle wur fond of ale,
Fro' tap to tap went he;
An' this wur his endless tale,
"Who'll ston a gill for me?"
He crept into drinkin'-shops
At dawnin' o' mornin' leet;
He lived upo' barmy slops,
An' slept in a tub at neet:
Poor owd Roddle!

III.

As Roddle one mornin'-tide
Wur trailin' his limbs to town,
A twinkle i'th slutch he spied,
"Egad, it's a silver crown!"
"Now, Roddle, go buy a shirt—
A shirt an' a pair o' shoon!"
"A fig for yor shoon an' shirts;
My throttle's as dry's a oon!"
Poor owd Roddle!

IV.

"Come, bring us a weel-filled quart;
I cannot abide a tot;
To-day I've a chance to start
With a foamin', full-groon pot!
This crown has a jovial look;
I'm fleyed it'll melt too fast;
But I'll live like a king i'th nook
As long as my crown'll last!"
Poor owd Roddle!

V.

But he met with a friendly touch
That ended his mortal woes;
For he fell in a fatal clutch,
That turned up his weary toes.

Though they missed him i' nooks o'th town
 Where penniless topers meet,
 Nob'dy knew how he'd broken down,
 Nor where he'd crept out o' seet :
 Poor owd Roddle !

VI.

In a churchyard corner lone,
 Under a nameless mound,
 Where the friendless poor are thrown,
 Roddle lies sleepin' sound :
 And the kind moon shines at night
 On the weary wanderer's bed,
 And the sun and the rain keep bright
 His grassy quilt o'erhead.
 Poor owd Roddle !





My Gronfaither, Willie.

I.



Y gronfaither, Willie,
Wur born o'th moorside,
In a cosy owd house
Where he lived till he died ;
He wur strong-limbed an' hearty,
An' manly, an' kind ;
An' as blithe as a lark, for
He'd nought on his mind.
Derry down.

II.

His wife wur th' best craiter
That ever wur made ;
An' they'd three bonny lasses
As ever broke brade ;

An' five strappin' lads—
They looked grand in a row,
For they'rn six feet apiece—
That makes ten yards in o'!
Derry down.

III.

My gronfaither's house
Wur a cosy owd shop,
As' as sweet as a posy
Fro' bottom to top;
Parlour, loom-house, an' dairy;
Bedrooms, greight an' smo';
An' a shinin' owd kitchen,—
The best nook of o'!
Derry down.

IV.

He'd cows in a pastur',
An' sheep o'th moorside;
An' a nice bit o' garden
Wur th' owd fellow's pride;
With his looms an' his cattle,
He'd plenty o' wark
For his lads an' his lasses,
Fro' dayleet to dark.
Derry down.

V.

A gray-yedded layrock
O' three-score an' twelve,
He'd weave an' he'd warble,
He'd root an' he'd delve
Fro' daybreak to sunset,
Then creep to his nook,
At the sweet ingle-side,
For a tot an' a smooke.
Derry down.

VI.

An' fro' th' big end o' Pendle
To Robin Hood's Bed ;
Fro' Skiddaw to Tandle's
Owd grove-tufted yed ;
Fro' th' Two Lads to Tooter's,
There's never a pot
That's sin as much glee
As my gronfaither's tot.
Derry down.

VII.

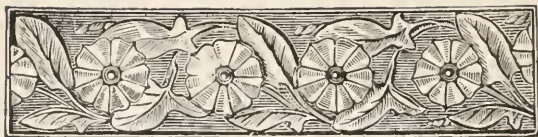
Fro' Swarthmoor i' Furness,
Where th' dew upo' th' fells
Keeps twinkle to th' tinkle
Of Ulverston bells ;

Fro' Black Coombe to Blacks'nedge,
No cup mon could fill,
Did moore good an' less harm
Than my gronfaither's gill.
Derry down.

VIII.

As I journey through life
May this fortin be mine,
To be upreet an' downreet
Fro' youth to decline :
An' walk like a mon,
Through whatever betide,
Like my gronfaither, Willie,
That live't-o'th moorside.
Derry down.





Come to your Porritch.

AIR—" *One Bumper at Parting.*"

I.



COME lads, an' sit down to yo'r porritch;
I hope it'll help yo' to thrive;
For nob'dy con live as they should do
Beawt some'at to keep 'em alive:
We're snug; with a daicent thatch o'er us,
While round us the winter winds blow;
Be thankful for what there's afore us;
'There's some that han nothing at o'.

CHORUS—Then, come, an' sit down to yo'r porritch;
I hope it'll help yo' to thrive;
For nob'dy con live as they should do
Beawt some'at to keep 'em alive.

II.

Sometimes I've a pain i' my stomach
That's common to folk that are poor;
But I've mostly a mouthful o' some'at
That suits my complaint to a yure:

Come beef, suet-dumplin', or lobscouse,
 Come ale, or cowl wayter, I'll sing;
 An' a lump o' good cheese an' a jannock,¹
 It makes me as proud as a king.

CHORUS—Then, come, an' sit down to yo'r porritch, &c.

III.

There's mony poor craitors are dainty,
 An' wanten their proven made fine;
 But if it be good, an' there's plenty,
 I'm never so tickle wi' mine:
 It's aitin' that keeps a man waggin',
 An' hunger that butters his bread;
 An' when a lad snighs² at his baggin',
 It's time for to send him to bed.

CHORUS—Then, come, an' sit down to yo'r porritch, &c.

IV.

Some folk are both greedy an' lither;³
 They'n guttle,⁴—but wortch noan at o';
 An' their life's just a comfortless swither,⁵
 Bepowlert an' pown⁶ to an' fro;

¹ *Jannock*, a thick unleavened oaten cake, formerly common in rustic Lancashire.

² *Snighs*, to slight, to despise.

³ *Lither*, lazy.

⁴ *Guttle*, to gourmandize.

⁵ *Swither*, a disturbance, a state of tremulous uncertainty.

⁶ *Bepowlert an' pown*, jolted about, and beaten.

Then, wortch away, lads, till yo'r weary :

It helps to keep everything reet ;

Yo'n find the day run very cheery,

An' sleep like a peg-top at neet.

CHORUS—Then, come, an' sit down to yo'r porritch, &c.





Heigh, Jone, Owd Brid!

I.



EIGH, Jone, owd brid, bring in some ale;

I'm fain to see tho wick an' weel.

We'n make this cote ring like a bell

Wi' jolly-hearted sound, lads!

We're just come liltin', full o' glee,
Fro' th' moorlan' tops, so wild an' free;
Come, clear this floor, an' let 'em see
Us dance a Cheshire round, lads!

II.

There's Jonathan can sing a song
That's four-an'-twenty verses long,
An' twitterin' Ben caps owd an' young
For merry country cracks, mon!
There's Thistle Jack; there's limber Joe,—
He'll wroastle aught i'th town an' fo';
Come cut an' long tail, he licks o',
An' lays 'em o' their backs, mon!

III.

There's Ned wi' th' pipes, an' curly Bill,
An' Tum o' Nell's fro' Wardle Hill,
An' moorlan' Dan fro' the Blue Pots rill,
An' fither-fuuted Dick, mon!

Thou may wander far, an' pick an' choose,
Where rindles run an' heather groos;
Thou'll find no blither cowts than thoose
Fro' here to Windle Nick, mon!

IV.

We're brown as hazel-nuts wi' th' sun,
For th' harvest's o'er, an' th' hay's weel won;
An' every heart runs o'er wi' fun,
An' every lad's i' prime, mon!
Their e'en are wick wi' merry leet;
We'n trip it round wi' nimble feet;
With reet good will we'n blithely greet
This bonny summer time, mon!

V.

Then bring a foamin' tankard in,
An' weet yo'r whistles an' begin;
This roof shall ring with jovial din,—
It's haliday to-day, lads!
God bless owd England's hearts of oak,
Her toilin' swarms, an' sturdy folk;
May they never yield to tyrant's yoke,
I will both sing an' pray, lads!



POEMS AND SONGS



IN

LITERARY ENGLISH.



STERN MONARCH OF THE SOLITUDE. BY RICHARD WANE.



The Moorland Flower.

I.



ENEATH a crag, whose forehead rude
O'erfrowns the mountain side,—
Stern monarch of the solitude,
Dark-heaving, wild, and wide,—
A floweret of the moorland hill
Peeped out unto the sky,
In a mossy nook, where a limpid rill
Came tinkling blithely by.

II.

Like a star-seed, from the night-skies flung
Upon the mountains lone,
Into a gleaming floweret sprung,—
Amid the wild it shone ;
And bush and brier, and rock and rill,
And every wandering wind,
In interchange of sweet good-will
And mutual love did bind.

III.

In the gloaming grey, at close of day,
 Beneath the deepening blue,
It lifted up its little cup,
 To catch the evening dew :
The rippling fall, the moorfowl's call,
 The wandering night-wind's moan ;
It heard, it felt, it loved them all,—
 That floweret sweet and lone.

IV.

The green fern wove a screening grove
 From noontide's fervid ray ;
The pearly mist of the brooklet kist
 Its leaves with cooling spray ;
And when dark tempests swept the waste,
 And north winds whistled wild,
The brave old rock kept off the shock,
 As a mother shields her child.

V.

And when it died, the south wind sighed,
 The drooping fern looked dim ;
The old crag moaned, the lone ash groaned,
 The wild heath sang a hymn ;
The leaves crept near, though fallen and sere,
 Like old friends mustering round ;
And a dew-drop fell from the heather-bell
 Upon its burial ground.

VI.

For it had bloomed content to bless
Each thing that round it grew ;
And on its native wilderness
Its store of sweetness strew :
Fair link in nature's chain of love,
To noisy fame unknown,
There is a register above,
E'en when a flower is gone.

VII.

So, lovingly embrace thy lot,
Though lowly it may be,
And beautify the little spot
Where God hath planted thee :
To win the world's approving eyes
Make thou no foolish haste,—
Heaven loves the heart that lives and dies
To bless its neighbouring waste.





The World.

I.



HIS foolish world doth wink
Its cunning lid ;
And when it thinks, it thinks
Its thoughts are hid.

II.

Its piety's a screen
Where vice doth hide ;
Its purity's unclean ;
Its meekness, pride.

III.

Its charity's a bait
To catch a name ;
Its kindness covers hate ;
Its praise is blame.

IV.

Its wisdom soweth seeds
Which follies prove ;
And its repentance needs
Repenting of.

V.

Its learning's empty talk ;
 Its heart is cold ;
Its church is an exchange ;
 Its god is gold.

VI.

Its pleasures all are blind,
 And lead to pain ;
Its treasures are a kind
 Of losing gain.

VII.

Lust moves it more than love,
 Fear more than shame ;
Its best ambitions have
 A grovelling aim.

VIII.

Its laws are a disgrace ;
 Its lords are slaves ;
Its honours are misplaced,
 E'en on our graves.

IX.

Some sorrow doth attend
 Its happiest dreams ;
And rottenness doth end
 Its rotten schemes.

X.

Oh, cure this moral madness,—
This soul-disease ;
Shew us that Vice brings sadness,
And Virtue, ease :

XI.

And teach us in the hour
Of Sin's dismay,
That Truth's the only flower
Without decay.





Seen Blows the North Wind.

I.



EEN blows the north wind ; the woodlands are
bare ;

The snow-shroud lies white on the flowerless
lea ;

The red-breast is wailing the death of the year,
As he covers his wing in the frozen haw-tree.

II.

The leaves of the forest, now summer is o'er,
Lie softly asleep in the lap of decay.

And the wildflower rests on the snow-covered shore,
Till the cold night of winter has wandered away.

III

Oh, where are the small birds that sang in yon bowers
When last summer smiled on the green-mantled plain ?

Oh, where do they shelter in winter's bleak hours ?

Will they come back with spring, to delight me again ?

IV.

But I may be gone, never more to behold
The wildflowers peep, when the winter has fled ;
The chill drifts of sorrow the wanderer may fold,
And the sunshine of spring melt the snow on his bed.

V.

But come, ye sweet warblers, and sport in the spray,
Whose tender revival I never may see ;
The young buds will leap to your welcoming lay,—
'Twill cheer the sad-hearted, as oft it cheered me.

VI.

And should ye, returning, then find me at rest,
Stay sometimes, and sing near the grave of a friend ;
Drop a rosemary leaf on his turf-covered breast,
And rejoice that his troublesome journey's at end.





The Captain's Friends.

I.



WANDERED down by yonder park one quiet
autumn day,

When many a humble traveller was going on
the way ;

And there I saw a company of neighbours great and small,
All gathered round an ancient gate that leads unto the hall.

II.

The faded leaves that rustled in the mournful autumn wind
Awoke in me a train of thought that saddened all my mind ;
And through the crowd of anxious folk there went a
smothered wail,

So I sat me down upon a stone and hearkened to the tale.

III.

The sturdy farmer from his fields had hurried to the place,
The cripple on his crutches, and the sick with pallid face ;
The poor old dame had wandered with her blind man to
the ground,
And the lonely widow, weeping, with her children gathered
round.

IV.

The well-remembered beggar, too, was there,—but not to
beg ;
And the stiff old Chelsea pensioner, upon a wooden leg :
From hamlet, fold, and lonely cot, the humble poor were
there,
Each bringing in his moistened eye a tributary tear.

V.

Up spake the sturdy farmer to the porter, and he said,
“What news is this that’s going round? They say the
Captain’s dead !”
The quaint old porter laughed, “Aha ! Thank God, it isn’t
true !
It’s but the Captain’s dog that’s dead,—they called it
‘ Captain ’ too !”

VI.

Then sprang the cripple on his crutch, and nearly came to
ground ;
The blind man wandered to and fro, and shook their hands
all round ;
The dame took snuff, the sick man smiled, and blest the
happy day ;
And the widow kissed her young ones, as she wiped their
tears away.

VII.

Up rose the children’s voices, mingling music with the gale,
And the beggar’s dog romped with them, as he barked and
wagged his tail ;

The farmer slapt his thumbs, and cried, "Come on, I'll feast you all!"

And the stark old soldier with his stick kept charging at the wall.

VIII.

So, now the Captain's dog is dead and sleeping in the ground,

A kind old master by the grave bemoans his gallant hound;
He says, "My hair is white and thin! I have not long to stay!"

And, oh, my poor old dog, how I shall miss thee on the way!"

IX.

Then here's to every noble heart that's gentle, just, and brave,

That cannot be a tyrant, and that grieves to see a slave.

God save that good old Captain long, and bring his soul to joy;—

The countryside will lose a friend the day he comes to die.





Willy's Grave.

I.



THE wintry wind was wailing wild,
Across the moorland wold ;
The cloudless vault of heaven was bright
With studs of gleaming gold ;
The weary cotter's heavy lids
Had closed with closing day ;
And, on his silent hearth, a tinge
Of dying fire-light lay.

II.

The ancient village seemed asleep
Beneath the starry sky ;
A little river, sheathed in ice,
Came gliding gently by ;
The grey church in the grave-yard,
Where "the rude forefathers lay,"
Stood, like a mother, waiting till
Her children came from play.

III.

No footsteps trod the tiny town ;
The drowsy street was still ;
Save where the wandering night-wind sang
Its requiem wild and shrill :
The stainless snow lay thick upon
Those quaint old cottage eaves ;
And wreathes of fairy frost-work hung
Where grew last summer's leaves.

IV.

Each village home was dark and still,
And closed was every door ;
For gentle sleep had twined her arms
Around both rich and poor,—
Save in one little cot, where, by
A candle's flickering ray
A childless mother sighing sat,
And combed her locks of grey.

V.

Her husband, and her children all,
Were in the silent bed,
Where, one by one, she'd laid them down,—
And left them with the dead ;
Then, toiling on towards her rest,—
A lonely pilgrim, she,—
For God and poverty were, now,
Her only company.

VI.

Upon the shady window-sill,
A well-worn bible lay ;
Against the wall a coat had hung,
For many a weary day ;
And, on the scanty table-top,
With crumbs of supper strewn,
There stood, beside a porringer,
Two little empty shoon.

VII.

The fire was waning in the grate ;
The spinning-wheel at rest ;
The cricket's song rang loudly in
That lonely woman's nest ;
As, with a napkin, thin, and worn,
And wet with many a tear,
She wiped the little pair of shoon
Her darling used to wear.

VIII.

Her widowed heart had often leaped
To hear his prattle small ;
He was the last that she had left,—
The dearest of them all ;
And, as she rocked her to and fro,
While tears came dreeping down,
She sighed, and cried, " Oh, Willy, love,—
These little empty shoon ! "

WILLY'S GRAVE.

IX.

With gentle hand she laid them by,—
She laid them by with care ;
For, Willy, he was in his grave,—
And all her thoughts were there :
She paused before she dropped the sneck.
That closed her lambless fold,—
It grieved her heart to bar the door,
And leave him in the cold.

X.

A thread-bare cloak she lapped around
Her limbs, so thin and chill ;
She left her lonely cot behind,
While all the world was still ;
And through the solitary night,
She took her silent way,
With weeping eyes, towards the spot
Where little Willy lay.

XI.

The pallid moon had climbed aloft
Into the welkin blue ;
A snow-clad tree across the grave
Its leafless shadow threw ;
And, as that mournful mother sat
Upon a mound thereby,
The bitter wind of winter sighed
To hear her lonely cry !
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XII.

My little Willy's cowl an' still,—
He's not a cheep for me!
Th' last tremblin' leaf has dropt away
Fro' this poor withered tree!
God help my heart! my comfort's gone!
I'm lonely under th' sky!
He'll never clip my neck again,
An' tell me not to cry!

XIII.

My darlin' lad! He's laid i'th dust!
My little Willy's dead!
An' all that made me cling to life,
Lies in his frosty bed!
He's gone! He's gone! My poor bare nest!
Oh, what's this world to me!
My little love! I'm lonely now!
When mun I come to thee!

XIV.

He's crept into his last dark nook,
And left me pinin' here!
An' never-moor his two blue e'en
For me mun twinkle clear!
He'll never say his prayers again
At his poor mammy's knee!
Oh, Willy, love! I'm lonely now;
When mun I come to thee!

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XV.

The snow-clad yew-tree stirred with pain
To hear that plaintive cry ;
The old church listened ; and the spire
Kept pointing to the sky ;
With kindlier touch, the frosty wind
Played in her locks of grey ;
And the queenly moon, upon her head,
Shone with a softened ray.

XVI.

She rose to leave that lonely bed ;
Her heart was grieving sore ;
One step she took, and then, her tears
Fell faster than before :
She turned and gave another look,—
One lingering look she gave,—
Then, sighing, left him lying in
His little wintry grave.





Time is flying.

I.



TIME is flying !
Are we hieing
To a brighter, better bourne ?
Or, unthinking,
Daily sinking
Into night that knows not morn ?

II.

Oh, what is life
But duty's strife ?
A drill; a watchful sentry's round ;
A brief campaign
For deathless gain ;
A bivouac on battle ground :

III.

An arrow's flight ;
A taper's light ;
A fitful day of sun and cloud ;
A flower ; a shade ;
A journey made
Between a cradle and a shroud.

IV.

Oh, what is death ?
A swordless sheath ;
A jubilee ; a mother's call ;
A kindly breast,
That offers rest
Unto the poorest of us all ;

V.

The wretched's friend ;
Oppression's end ;
The outcast's shelter from the cold ;
To regions dim,
The portal grim
Where misers leave their loads of gold ;

VI.

A voyage o'er ;—
A misty shore,
With time-wrecked generations strown
Where each mad age
Has spent its rage
Upon a continent unknown.





The Moorlands.

I.



ING, hey for the moorlands, wild, lonely, and
stern,

Where the moss creepeth softly all under the
fern ;

Where the heather-flower sweetens the lone highland lea,
And the mountain winds whistle so fresh and so free !
I've wandered o'er landscapes embroidered with flowers,
The richest, the rarest, in greenest of bowers,
Where the throstle's sweet vesper, at summer day's close,
Shook the coronel dew on the rim of the rose ;
But, oh for the hills where the heather-cock springs
From his nest in the bracken, with dew on his wings !

Sing, hey for the moorlands !

II.

I've lingered by streamlets that water green plains,
I've mused in the sunlight of shady old lanes,
Where the mild breath of evening came sweetly and slow
From green nooks where bluebells and primroses grow ;
But, oh the wild hills that look up at the skies,
Where the green bracken wave to the wind as it flies !
Sing, hey for the moorlands !

III.

Away with the pride and the fume of the town,
And give me a lodge in the heatherland brown ;
Oh there, to the schemes of the city unknown,
Let me wander with freedom and nature, alone ;
Where wild hawks with glee on the hurricane sail,
And the mountain crags thrill to the rush of the gale !
Sing, hey for the moorlands !

IV.

In glens which resound to the waterfall's song,
My spirit shall play the wild echoes among :
I'd climb the dark steep to my lone mountain home,
And, heartsome and poor, o'er the solitude roam :
And the keen winds that harp on the heathery lea
Should sing the grand anthem of freedom to me !
Sing, hey for the moorlands !



To the Rose-Tree on my Window Sill.

I.



DAWK is the lot of him with heart so dull
By sensual appetite's unbridled sway,
As to be blind unto the beautiful
In common things that strew the common way.
Trailing the dusty elements of death,
He crawls, in his embruted blindness, proud ;
To perishable ends he draws his breath ;
His life, a funeral passing through a crowd ;
His soul, a shrunken corpse within ; his body, but a shroud.

II.

Nature ! kind handmaid of the thoughtful soul,
Be thy sweet ministrations ever mine ;
Thy angel-influences keep me whole,
And lead my spirit into things divine :
Holding thy lovely garment, when a child
I walked in simple ecstasy with thee ;
And now, with sadder heart, and travel-toiled,
Thou hast a sanctuary still for me,
Where oft I find repose from earthly care and misery.

III.

In cities proud, by grovelling factions torn,
Where glittering pomp and stony-eyed despair,
Murder and stealth, the lordly and the lorn,
Squalor and wealth, divide the Christian air ;—
Where prowling outcasts hug with ignorant rage
Some sense of wrong that smoulders deep within ;—
Where mean intrigues their furtive battles wage ;
Where they are wrong that lose, and they are right
that win,—
And drowning virtue struggles with the waves of sin ;—

IV.

Where drooping penitence, and pious pride ;
The sons of labour and the beasts of prey ;
The spoilers and the spoiled, are side by side,
Jostling unkindly on the crowded way ;—
E'en there sweet Nature sings her heaven-taught songs,—
Unheeded minstrel of the fuming street,—
For ever wooing its discordant throngs
With sounds and shapes that teem with lessons meet,—
Like thee, fair rose-tree, on my window blooming sweet.

V.

Oh, floral comrade of my lonely hours,
Sweet soother of my saddest mood,
The summer's glow, the scents of summer flowers,
Are filling all my solitude :

The thick-leaved groves, whose sylvan rooflets ring
With blending lyrics poured from every tree,
The sleepy streams where swallows dip the wing,
The wild flowers, nodding in the wind, I see,—
And hear the murmurous music of the roving bee.

VI.

Taking my willing fancy by the hand,
Thou leadest me through nature like a child,
Where rustling forests robe the pleasant land,
And lonely streamlets ripple through the wild ;—
Through verdant nooks, where, on the long, cool grass
The lingering dews light up the leafy shade,
In dreamy bliss, my wandering footsteps pass,
Sweeping from many a lush and bending blade
The load of liquid pearls that such a twinkling made

VII.

Now, through a sunny glade, away, away,—
Oh, let me wander thus a while with thee,—
By many a pleasant streamlet we will play,
And gad o'er many a field in careless glee :
Thus gently, thou, when on life's pathway rude
My heart grows faint as gloomy shadows lower,
Leadest me back into a happier mood,
By some sweet, secret, heaven-inspired power,
That lurks in thy fringed leaf and orient-tinted flower.

VIII.

My spirit burst its prison-house of care,
And dreamily, with lingering feet, I stray
Where garden odours fill the golden air,
And blossoms tremble to the wild birds' lay ;—
O'er cool moist slopes, beneath the woodland shade,
Where the blithe throstle in his chamber sings,
Then wonders at the music he has made ;—
Where the lush bluebell's little censer swings,
And pleasant incense to the wandering breezes flings.

IX.

Upon a shady bank, as I recline,
Gazing, with silent joy, the landscape o'er,
I feel its varied glories doubly mine,—
My heart's inheritance, my fancy's store ;
Above me waves a roof of green and gold,—
Delightful shelter from the noontide heat ;
Beyond, a wandering streamlet I behold,
Where wind and sunlight on the waters meet
In silvery shimmerings, past description sweet.

X.

I hear the skylark, poised on trembling wings,
Teaching the heavenly quire his thrilling lay,
All nature seems to listen as he sings,
Hushed into stillness by his minstrelsy ;—

As the blithe lyric streams upon the lea,
Steeping the wild flowers in melodious rain,
The very dewdrops, dancing to the glee,
Look up with me, but, like me, look in vain
To find the heaven-hid singer of that matchless strain.

XI.

Now, on rough byways, sauntering through the sun,
From fertile haunts of man I gladly stray,
Up to the sweet brown moorlands, bleak and dun,
While rindling waters tinkle o'er my way ;
Where the free eagle lords it in the sky ;
Where red grouse, springing from the heath'ry steep,
Wake the wild echoes with their lonely cry ;
And whistling breezes unrestrained sweep
O'er the old hills, that in the sunlight seem asleep.

XII.

O'er yon wild height, between the rugged steeps,
From crag to crag, in many an airy bound
Of mighty glee, the mountain torrent leaps,
And the lone ravine trembles to the sound :
Through cave and cleft, along the narrow glen,
The rushing thunders rage, and roll afar,
Like untamed lions struggling in their den,—
With unavailing rage,—each rocky scar
Hurls back the prisoned roar of elemental war.

XIII.

As homeward, down a winding path I stray,
Where mazy midges in the twilight throng
In plaintive fits of liquid melody,
I hear the lonely ousel's vesper-song ;
Odours of unseen flowers the air pervade ;
As I sit listening on a wayside mound,
Watching the daylight and its business fade,
The evening stillness fills with weird sound,
And distant waters sing their ancient choral round.

XIV.

Mild evening brings the gauzy fringe of dreams
'That trails upon the golden skirts of day ;
And here and there a cottage candle gleams
With cheerful twinkle o'er my drowsy way ;
As flaxen-headed elves, from rambles wild,
With straggling footsteps, to their mothers hie
With woodland trophies, and with garments soiled,
All tired and pleased,—they know not, care not why ;—
So from my wand'rings I return, as daylight quits the sky.

XV.

Oh, flowery leader of these fancy flights,
Epitome of Nature's charms to me,
Filling my spirits with such fine delights
As I can never more repay to thee,—

For my behoof thou donn'st the summer's sheen,
Smiling benignly on thy prison-spot,
Though exiled from that native nook of green
Where playmate zephyrs seek through bower and grot,
Through all the summer roses seek, but find thee not.

XVI.

Fair lamp of beauty, in my cloistral shade,
Though brief at best the time thou hast to shine,
By an almighty artist thou wert made,
And touched with light eternally divine.
Like a caged bird, in this seclusion dim,—
Where slanting sunbeams seldom find a way,—
Singing with patient joy a silent hymn,
That wafts my thought from worldly care away
Into the realms of Nature's endless holiday.

XVII.

Sweet specimen of Nature's mystic skill,
Dost thou know aught of human joys and woes?
Can'st thou be gladdened by the glad heart's thrill,
Or feel the writhing spirit's silent throes?
To me thou art a messenger of love,—
A leaf of peace amid the storms of woe —
Dropt in my path by that celestial Dove
Who made all things in heaven and earth below,
That wandering man the beautiful and true might know.



Christmas Carol.

I.



LONG time ago, in Palestine,
Upon a wintry morn.
All in a lowly cattle shed,
The Prince of Peace was born.

II.

The clouds fled from the gloomy sky ;
The winds in silence lay ;
And the stars shone bright, with strange delight,
To welcome in that day.

III.

His parents they were simple folk,
And simple lives they led ;
And in the ways of righteousness
This little Child was bred.

IV.

In gentle thought, and gentle deed,
His early days went by ;
And the light His youthful steps did lead
Came down from heaven on high.

V.

He was the friend of all the poor
That wander here below ;
It was His only joy on earth
To ease them of their woe.

VI.

In vain He trod His holy path,
By sorrow sorely tried ;
It was for all mankind He lived,
And for mankind He died.

VII.

Like Him, let us be just and pure,
Like Him, be true alway ;
That we may find the peace of mind
That never fades away.





Now Summer's Sunlight Glowing.

I.



OW, summer's sunlight, glowing,
Streaks the woodland shade with gold ;
And balmy winds are blowing
Softly o'er the moorland-wold ;
Now sweet smells the bluebell,
'Neath the valley's leafy screen ;
And thick grows the wild rose,
Clust'ring o'er the hedges green.
The fern adorns the moorland steep ;
The smiling fields are flowered o'er ;
And modest little daisies peep
Like children at a mother's door !

II.

From dewy meadows springing,
Yonder blinding skies among,
The poet-lark is singing,
As if his heart was made of song!
While gladly and madly
In every grove the wild birds vie,
All tingling and mingling
In tipsy routs of lyric joy!
My throbbing heart with every part
Is dancing to the chorus near,—
The gush, the thrill,—the wizard trill,—
Like drops of water tinkling clear!

III.

The cottage matron, knitting
In her little garden, sings,
As wild birds, round her flitting,
Fan the blossom with their wings;
And twining, combining,
The honeysuckle and the rose,
Sweet shading, and braiding,
Round her winking lattice goes;
And wild bees through the flowers roam—
The little happy buzzing thieves!—
Here and there, with busy hum,
Rifling all the honeyed leaves.

IV.

Now, hamlet urchins roaming,
All the sunny summer day,
From dewy morn till gloaming,
Through the rustling wildwood stray ;
There blithely and lithely,
By warbling brook and sylvan grot,
They ramble and gambol,
All the busy world forgot ;—
Like birds that wing the sunny air,
And warble in the tangled wild,
Unhaunted by the dreams of care,—
Oh, to be again a child !

V.

Sweet scents and sunshine blending ;
The wildwoods, in their leafy pride,
To the gentle south wind bending ;
Oh, the bonny summer tide !
The tinkling, the twinkling,
Where little limpid rivers lave ;
The sipping, the dipping
Of wild-flowers in the gilded wave ;—
The fruitful leas, the blooming trees,
The pleasant fields, embroidered fair ;
The wild birds' little melodies,
Scattering gladness everywhere !



Sea Weeds.

I.



THE land has its gardens of roses,
Its flowers of every hue,
Which close as the daylight closes,
And wake to the morning dew ;
It has sweet scented groves of pleasure,
Where the bee roves ail day long,
And, at eve, with her load of treasure,
Flies home to a drowsy song.

II.

There, summer her mantle of verdure,
With posies so sweet enweaves,
That the sunshine delays on their beauty,
Till it falls asleep in the leaves ;
And the spell-bound rain comes dreeping,
To brighten their eyes anew ;
And their folds are by young winds fondled,
And kist by the silvery dew.

III.

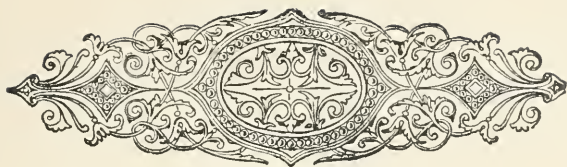
But the grand old sea hides wonders
That never met mortal eye,—
Bright bowers that never have rustled
To soft wind's dreamy sigh ;
Strange groves of mystical beauty,
And flowers of rainbow hue,
Bloom wild in those old sea-gardens,
All under the waters blue !

IV.

And when the pale moon is sleeping,
At night on the trembling sea,
And the coral-paved halls of Neptune
Re-echo the kelpies' glee :
Oh, the floral festoons of magic,
That curtain those pearly caves,
Where the water-sprites revel in splendour,
All under the drowsy waves !

V.

Ye fairy-tinged groves of ocean,—
Your delicate banners wave,
Where the fisherman sleeps in the lonely deeps,
In his cold uncrowded grave :
Wave on your beautiful tendrils,
In your gardens wild and free,
Caressed by the gleaming waters,
Of the grand old heaving sea !



Things Gone By.

I.

' **T** WAS evening ; sad November's gale
Was moaning wild and cold ;
Night's deep'ning shade had dimm'd
the vale,
And hid the distant wold ;
In dreamy mood, as all grew still
Beneath the waning sky,
I sat beside my window-sill,
And thought of things gone by.

II.

An old and lonely man was there,
By labour sorely worn ;
The frost of age had thinn'd his hair,
And sorrow made him lorn ;
His wrinkled cheek long time had play'd
With wind, and rain, and sun ;
That weary man, he sigh'd, and said—
“ It's dark—and nothing done.”

III.

On life, and death, and mortal fret,
 I musing then began ;
And on the dangers that beset
 The pilgrimage of man :
I thought of days for ever flown,
 And hopes for ever fled ;
I sigh'd for friends asunder thrown,
 Or sleeping with the dead.

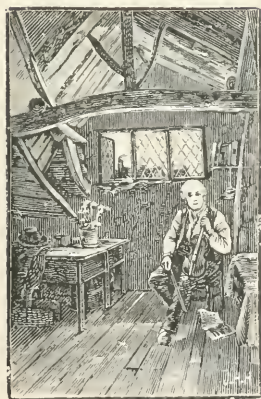
IV.

Since life's first wand'ring step began
 They've strewn the fatal way,
And only here and there a man
 Has reach'd the close of day ;
Like leaflets, drifted to and fro,
 When autumn's cold winds rave,
Some fluttering wild, some trampled low,
 Some mould'ring in the grave

V.

The days are gone when light and free,
 I roved the mountains wild ;
The light no more will shine for me
 On morning's hour that smiled :

No sun or rain can e'er again
Revive youth's faded flowers ;
No sad regret, nor sigh of pain,
Recall the fledged hours.





To a Married Lady.

I.



H, this wild voyage o'er the sea of life
Needs all the help that heaven to earth
can give ;
Through its dark storms, and shoals, and
battle-strife,
God must be pilot to the ships that live.

II.

Happy the heart that finds a haven of love,
Where in the tempest it can sweetly moor,
And taste, below, the bliss that but above,
Is ever stainless, and is ever sure.

III.

And blest the hearth where pure affections glow—
'The husband's and the father's best retreat ;
Where heavenward souls in one direction grow,
With darling tendrils round them twining sweet.

IV.

Such be thy home ; through earth's mutations strange,
A garden, where the flowers of heaven grow ;
And, sheltered there from blight, through every change,
Its loves, its hopes. no touch of ruin know.

V.

May Time, whose withering finger ever brings
To Nature's best the doom of sure decline,
Float over thee with gently-fanning wings,
And find the twilight of thy life divine.

VI.

And, ever hand in hand, along your path,—
For thee and thine thus doth the poet pray,—
That ye may walk in joy from life to death,
And earth's night be the dawn of heaven's day.





Cultivate Your Men.

I.



ILL as ye ought your barren lands,
And drain your moss and fen ;
Give honest work to willing hands,
And food to hungry men ;
And hearken—all that have an ear—
To this unhappy cry,—
“ Are poor folks’ only chances here
To beg, or thief, or die ? ”

II.

With kindly guerdon this green earth
Rewards the tiller’s care,
And to the wakening hand gives forth
The bounty slumbering there ;
But there’s another, nobler field
Big with immortal gain,—
The morasses of mind untilled ;—
Go,—cultivate your men !

III.

Oh, ponder well, ye pompous men,
With Mammon-blinded eyes,
What means the poverty and pain
That moaning round you lies :
Go, plough the wastes of human mind
Where weedy ignorance grows,—
The baleful deserts of mankind
Would blossom like the rose.

IV.

But penny-wise, pound-foolish thrift
Deludes this venal age ;
Blind self's the all-engrossing drift,
And pelf, the sovereign rage.
E'en in the Church the lamp grows dim
That ought to light to heaven,
And that which fed its holy flame,
To low ambition's given.

V.

Just retribution hovers near
This play of pride and tears ;
To heaven all worldly cant is clear,
Whatever cloak it wears ;
And high and low are on one path,
Which leads unto the grave,—
Where false distinctions flit from death.
And tyrant blends with slave.





Old Man's Song.

I.



H! sweetly the morning of childhood
Awoke me to careless delight ;
And blithe as a bird of the wildwood
I played in its beautiful light ;
The world was a magical treasure
That filled me with wonder and joy ;
And I fluttered from pleasure to pleasure,
Delighted—I couldn't tell why :
If I thought of to-morrow,
I dreamt not of sorrow ;
And I smiled as the day went by.

II.

Gay youth, with its glittering hours,
Came frolicking on, full of glee,
Where hope's charming sunlighted bowers
Were thickly in blossom for me ;—
My heart was a harp whose emotion
Awoke to all beautiful things,

And love was the dearest devotion
That played in its tremulous strings :
So, I dallied, delighted,
And carelessly slighted
Old Time and his rustling wings.

III.

Now, the noontide of life has gone by me,
The visions of morning have died ;
And the world is beginning to try me
With struggles that chasten my pride ;—
As the twilight of time, softly stealing,
Comes o'er me with shadows of grey,
I feel the sad truth now revealing,—
It draws to the close of the day ;
And thoughtfully eyeing
The past, I sit sighing,
And wondering how long I shall stay.





Bide On.

I.



WHEN thy heart 'neath its trouble sinks
down,
And the joys that misled it are
gone,—

When the hopes that inspired it are flown,
And it gropes in thick darkness, alone,—
Let faith be thy cheer,
Scorn the whispers of fear,
Be righteous, and bravely bide on.

II.

When fancy's wild meteor-ray
Allures thee from duty to roam,
Beware its bewildering way,
And rest with thy conscience at home;—
Give ear to its voice ;
Let the stream of thy joys
From the fountain of purity come.

III.

When, by failure and folly borne down,
The future looks hopelessly drear ;
And each day, as it flies, with a frown,
Tells how helpless, how abject we are ;
Let nothing dismay
Thy bold effort to-day ;—
Be patient, and still persevere.

IV.

Be steady, in joy and in sorrow ;
Be truthful, in great and in small ;
Fear nothing but sin, and each morrow
Heaven's blessing upon thee shall fall :
In thy worst tribulation
Shun low consolation,
And trust in the God that sees all.





The Moorland Witch.

I.



HERE lives a lass on yonder moor,—
She wears a gown of green ;
She's handsome, young, and sprightly,
With a pair of roguish e'en :
She's graceful as the mountain doe
That snuffs the forest air ;
And she brings the smell of the heather-bell
In the tresses of her hair.

II.

'Twas roaming careless o'er the hills,
As sunlight left the sky,
That first I met this moorland maiden
Bringing home her kye :
Her native grace, her lovely face,
The pride of art outshone ;—
I wondered that so sweet a flower
Should blossom thus alone.

III.

Alas, that ever I should meet
Those beaming eyes of blue,
That round about my thoughtless heart
Their strong enchantment threw.
I could not dream that falsehood lurked
In such an angel smile;
I could not fly the fate that lured
With such a lovely wile.

IV.

And when she comes into the vale,
To try her beauty's power,
She'll leave a spell on many a heart
That fluttered free before.
But, oh, beware her witching smile,—
'Tis but a fowler's snare;
She's fickle as the mountain wind
That frolics with her hair!





The Church Clock.

I.



H, thou who dost these pointers see,
And hear'st the chiming hour,
Say, do I tell the time to thee,
And tell thee nothing more;—
I bid thee mark life's little day
By strokes of duty done;—
A clock may stop at any time,
But time will travel on.

II.

I am a preacher to a few,—
A servant unto all,
As here I stand tick, ticking,
Like a death-watch in a wall;
And, it were well that those who see
These fingers gliding on,
Should think a moment, now and then,
How fast the moments run.

III.

There's some of you are wealthy,
And some of you are proud;
And some are poor, and some are sad.
And waiting for a shroud;—
Be patient yet a while, for see
This little yard below,—
The man who goes the longest way,
Has not so far to go.

IV.

A christ'ning; then, a wedding comes;
And then, a passing bell;
'Tis just the ancient tale that time
Has always had to tell:
The very clock that marks the hour,
With ticking wears away:
The gladdest pulse of life contains
The music of decay.





Christmas Song.

I.



N the dark-clouded sky no star shews a gleam ;
The drift-laden gale whistles wild in the tree ;
The ice-mantle creeps o'er the murmuring stream,
That glittering runs through the snow-covered lea ;
But, hark ! the old bells fling the news to the wind !—
Good Christians awake to their genial call ;
The gale may blow on, we'll be merry and kind ;
Blithe yule, and a happy new year to us all !

CHORUS—Bring in the green holly, the box, and the yew,
The fir, and the laurel, all sparkling with rime ;
Hang up to the ceiling the mistletoe-bough,
And let us be jolly another yule-time !

II.

While, garnished with plenty, together we meet
In carolling joy, as the glad moments flee,
Thus sheltered away from the frost and the sleet,
With friends all around us, in festival glee,

We'll still keep the heavenly lesson in mind,—
The gentle Redeemer was born at this tide ;
The wind may blow keenly, but we will be kind,
And think of the poor folk that shiver outside.

CHORUS—Bring in the green holly, the box, and the yew, &c.

III.

He's a cur who can bask in the fire's cheery light,
And hearken, unheeded, the winter wind blow,
And care not a straw for the comfortless wight
Who wanders about in the frost and the snow ;
But we'll think of the mournful the while we are glad ;
Our hearts shall be kind as the winter is keen ;
And we'll share our good cheer with the poor and the sad,
Who sorrow and struggle in corners unseen.

CHORUS—Bring in the green holly, the box, and the yew, &c.





Mountaineer's Song.

I.



COME, all you lads that wander free
Upon the mountains wild ;
That love sweet nature's liberty,
And will not be beguiled ;
With you, as blithe as moorland wind,
I'll rove by hill and glen ;
Life's greatest bliss we oft shall find
Far from the haunts of men.

CHORUS—Then, let the winds blow high or low,
Beneath the changeful sky ,
This world so fine shall all be mine
Until the day I die.

II.

I care not for the stately hall,
It is no place for me ,
My purse is light, my wants are small,
My heart is fain and free :

In lowly nest I take my rest,
And shelter from the cold ;
I bend to no man's haughty crest,
I envy no man's gold.

CHORUS—Then, let the winds blow high or low, &c.

III.

The king may wear his jewelled crown
Upon a weary head ;
The couch on which he lays him down
May be a sleepless bed ;
The massive walls of courtly halls
May close him in with care ;
In knightly towers, and guarded bowers,
Black grief may find him there.

CHORUS—Then, let the winds blow high or low, &c.

IV.

For me o'erhead, the heavens are spread,
With hill and dale below ;
Each murmuring stream, each sunny gleam,
And all the winds that blow ;
Where'er I stray, my lonely way
Strewn with delight I find ;
My greatest wealth is rustic health,
My bliss a peaceful mind.

CHORUS—Then, let the winds blow high or low, &c.

V.

For me, in posied mantle green,
Glad nature decks the spring ;
For me, amidst the vernal scene,
The happy wild-birds sing ;
For my delight, each lovely sight
The changing seasons thrills ;
For me, the wild breeze, day and night,
Harps on the heathery hills.

CHORUS—Then, let the winds blow high or low, &c.





Wild and free.

I.



WISH I was on yonder moor,
And my good dog with me,
Through the bonny heather-flower
Wading, wild and free :
Wild and free ;
Wild and free ;
Where the moorland breezes blow.

II.

Oh, the wilderness is my delight,
Where the whirring red grouse springs,
From his heathery nest on the mountain's breast,
With the dew upon his wings :
Wild and free ;
Wild and free ;
Where the moorland breezes blow.

III.

At the gloaming hour, in grove and bower
The thristle chants with glee ,
But the plover sings his evening hymn
To the lone waste, wild and free :
Wild and free ;
Wild and free ;
Where the moorland breezes blow.

IV.

On the heathy hills I'll take my rest,
And there my bed shall be ;
With the lady-fern above my breast,
Waving wild and free ;
Wild and free ;
Wild and free ;
Where the moorland breezes blow.





Heigho for Cobblers!

I.



F all the craftsmen in this world,
The cobbler lad for me,
With his pegs an' tacks, an' his hemp
an' wax,
An' his lapstone on his knee.
Welt it, an' pelt it;
Pelt it, an' welt it;
Sing, heigho for cobblers!

II.

The lads that patch these poor men's shoon,
I fain would have you know,
They are the friends on whom depends
What footing you must go.
Twitch it, an' stitch it;
Stitch it, an' twitch it;
Sing, heigho for cobblers!

III.

Saint Crispin was a lad of wax,
And he tugged the 'tachin-end ;
And he plied his awl in his good old stall,
The soles of men to mend :
 Stump it, an' clink it ;
 Clink it, an' stump it ;
Sing, heigho for cobblers !

IV.

Then, here's good luck to the old cow's hide,
Likewise the good lapstone ;
The man whose footsteps never slide,
Shall seldom need to moan :
 Ring it, an' ding it ;
 Ding it, an' ring it ;
And, heigho for cobblers !

V.

The man that keeps his top-knot cool
Will never come to harm,
If he gets a lad with a leather-brat
To keep his poor feet warm :
 Thump it, an' stump it ;
 Stump it, an' thump it ;
Sing, heigho for cobblers !

VI.

Good luck attend the cobbler's awl,
His hemp, an' nails, an' tacks,—
His knife, an' last, an' blackin'-ball,
His bristles, an' his wax!
'Tach it, an' catch it;
Catch it, an' 'tach it;
Sing, heigho for cobblers!

VII.

And when, at last, he quits his awl,
And lays him down to rest,
He shall sleep sound 'neath a grassy mound
With a lapstone on his breast:
End it, an' mend it;
Mend it, an' end it;
Sing, heigho for cobblers!





Christmas Morning.

I.



COME all you weary wanderers,
Beneath the wintry sky ;
This day forget your worldly cares,
And lay your sorrows by ;
Awake, and sing ;
The church bells ring ;
For this is Christmas morning !

II.

With grateful hearts salute the morn,
And swell the streams of song,
That laden with great joy are borne,
The willing air along ;
The tidings thrill
With right good will ;
For this is Christmas morning !

III.

We'll twine the fresh green holly wreath,
And make the yule-log glow ;
And gather gaily underneath
The winking mistletoe ;
All blithe and bright
By the glad fire-light ;
For this is Christmas morning !

IV.

Come, sing the carols old and true,
That mind us of good cheer,
And, like a heavenly fall of dew,
Revive the drooping year ;
And fill us up
A wassail-cup ;
For this is Christmas morning !

V.

To all poor souls we'll strew the feast,
With kindly heart, and free ;
One Father owns us, and, at least,
To-day we'll brothers be ;
Away with pride,
This holy tide ;
For it is Christmas morning !

VI.

So now, God bless us one and all
With hearts and hearthstones warm ;
And may He prosper great and small,
And keep us out of harm ;
And teach us still,
His sweet good-will,
This merry Christmas morning !





Here's to My Native Land.

I.



HERE'S to my native land ;
And here's to the heathery hills,
Where the little birds sing on the
blossoming boughs,
To the dancing moorland rills.

II.

There's a lonely little cot,
And it stands by a spreading tree,
Where a kind old face has looked from the door
Full many a time for me ;—

III.

On the slope of a flowery dell,
And hard by a rippling brook ;
And it's oh for a peep at the chimney-top,
Or a glint of the chimney-nook !

IV.

And there is a still churchyard,
Where many an old friend lies ;
And I fain would sleep in my native ground
At last, when they close my eyes.

V.

When summer days were fine,
The lads of the fold and I
Have roved the moors, till the harvest moon
Has died in the morning sky.

VI.

Oh, it's sweet in the leafy woods
On a sunny summer's day ;
And I wish I was helping the moorland lads
To tumble their scented hay !

VII.

Though many a pleasant nook
In many a land I've seen,
I'd wander back to my own green hills,
If the wide world lay between.

VIII.

They say there's bluer skies
Across the foaming sea :—
Each man that is born has a land of his own,
And this is the land for me !





Minnie.

I.



Y Minnie's as shy as a little wild rose,
That fills all around with delight as it blows ;
Its leaves, pleasant-scented,
Unfolding, contented
To sweeten the nook where it grows.

II.

Kate flutters her wings, and a lady would be ;
She's ribboned, and jewelled, and flounced to the knee ;
But she's keen, and she's cold,
And she's proud of her gold,—
The dule take her ribbons for me !

III.

My Minnie's as poor as a little red-breast,
“ With nought in the wide world but God and its nest ; ”
Yet the star of a king
Is a pitiful thing
To the jewel that grows in her breast.

IV.

Kate's handsome and bold, and she's haughty and chill ;
She's a winterly smile for the heart she can kill ;
 And she bears off the bell
 From the girls of the dell,—
With a clapper that never lies still.

V.

Though Minnie's as blithe as the skylark that springs
From its roost in the meadow, with dew on its wings—
 'Tis her own little nest,
 And the mate she loves best,
That gladden the song that she sings.

VI.

What care I for riches and gaudy array—
What care I to flaunt with the heartlessly gay ?
 If my little wild rose
 Love me on to life's close,
And sweeten its troublesome way.





Life's Twilight.

I.



OW silver threads begin to shine
Among my thinning hair ;
And down the slope of life's decline
I thoughtfully repair.

The fire that once was in mine eyes

Has dimmed its fervid ray,

And every hour of life that flies,

Is stealing light away.

Oh, let me, with untroubled breast,

A while in shadow lie,

Before I lay me down to rest,

And bid the world " Good bye."

II.

With Time, that wrestler old and grim,

I've had a gallant round ;

But ah, there's little chance with him

Who bringeth all to ground.

Although the world still rolleth on

Its merry, motley way,

My little part of life is done,

Except to watch the play.

Then let me, with untroubled breast,
A while in shadow lie,
Before I lay me down to rest,
And bid the world "Good bye."

III.

In youth, to pleasure's lightest trill,
My heart leaped light and free ;
Now, she may play what tune she will,
It is not so with me ;
For though a smile may sometimes steal
Across my furrowed brow,
My joys are all akin, I feel,
To contemplation now.
Then let me, with untroubled breast,
A while in shadow lie,
Before I lay me down to rest,
And bid the world "Good bye."





Nightfall.

I.



HE green leaves answer to the night-wind's sigh
And dew-drops winking, on the meadows lie ;
The sun's gone down
O'er the drowsy town ;
And the brooks are singing to the listening moon.

II.

The soft wind whispers on its moody way ;
The plummy woodlands in the moonlight play ;
Night's tapers gleam
In the gliding stream ;
Heaven's eyes are watching while the earth doth dream.

III.

The lovely light that dwells in woman's eyes,
Softly curtained by the fringed lids lies ;
Sleep's Lethean hand
Waves o'er the land,
And the weary toiler to his shelter hies.

IV.

Old nurse, whose lullaby can soothe them all,
Oh, hap them kindly in thy downy pall !
 They've gone astray
 On life's rough way ;
But, rest them ; rest them for another day.

V.

The living, sleeping in their warm beds lie ;
The dead are sleeping in the churchyard, nigh ;
 The mild moon's beam
 O'er all doth stream,
And life and death appear a mingling dream.

VI.

Decay, that in my very breath doth creep,
Thou surely art akin to this soft sleep,
 That shows the way
 To a bed of clay,
Whose wakeless slumbers close the mortal day.

VII.

And thus, with ceaseless roll, time's silent wave
Lands me each night upon a mimic grave,
 Whose soft repose
 Hints at life's close,—
Death's fleets are cruising where life's current flow



God Bless Thee, Old England.

I.



OD bless thee, old England, the home of the free ;
A garden of roses, begirt by the sea !
The wild waves that fondle thy darling green
shore

Shall sing thy proud story till time be no more ;
And nations unborn, looking over the wave,
Shall tell of the isle of the free and the brave,
Where liberty's battle, through ages of old,
Was fought in the hearts of the just and the bold ;—
Old England, the Queen of the Sea !

II.

May truth ever flourish thy children among ;
And deeds that awaken the spirit of song
Inspire future bards with emotion divine,
Till earth has no anthem so noble as thine !
Green cradle of manliness, beauty, and worth !
May thy name be a watchword of joy in the earth
When I have long mouldered beneath the green sod,—
A country devoted to freedom and God ;—
Old England, the Queen of the Sea !



Twilight Carol.

I.



T the close of day, her melting lay
As Philomel began,
A maiden sang as she did stray,
And thus the carol ran :

II.

Oh, the daisy, and the sweet bluebell,
And the bonny celandine ;
My darling's feet have touched the dell,
And made the posies fine.

III.

Soft whispering gales, on viewless wings,
Come o'er the rippling sea ;
But ah, no news the west wind brings
From my true love to me.

IV.

The wild bee roves the flowery wold ;
Be still, dear heart of mine ;
My darling is a cup of gold
That's running o'er with wine.

V.

Sweet bird, whose tender warble fills
The ear of fading day,
Go, sing for me those liquid trills,
That fond complaining lay.





The Wounded Lark.

WRITTEN ON THE ILLNESS OF AN EMINENT MUSICIAN.

I.



AY low thine ear with kindly care,
And gently tread the ground ;
Some mourner haunts the grassy lair ;
What means this plaintive sound ?

II.

Here, 'mongst his little nestlings, lies
A lark, with broken wing,
Gazing aloft into the skies,
Where once he used to sing.

III.

No more up-springing from the lawn,
To greet the brightening sky,
High-poised, 'mid rosy tints of dawn.
He'll thrill the world with joy.

IV.

No more above the sun-tipt hills
He'll fan his happy wings ;
His notes have sung to mournful trills,
And sorrow's all he sings.

V.

So prone lies he, whose genial power
Once led the tuneful train ;
So fate has changed his joyous dower
To cadences of pain.

VI.

Thus, daily, minstrel tones do creep
In sadness, one by one,
Into the silent land, where sleep
The voices that are gone.





The Old Bard's Welcome Home.

I.



BRING me a goblet of drink divine,
To welcome a minstrel friend of mine!
Enfranchised from the dreary crowd,
That wrapt his spirit like a shroud,
Once more he climbs the moorlands dun,
And hears his native rindles run;
Through pleasant vales he takes his way,
Where wild-flowers with the waters play;
And listens with enchanted mind
As wizard voices in the wind
Sing of his darling native earth,
The rude, the true, the hardy north!

His native dales, his native streams,—
The angels of his exile-dreams,—
Each dingle green, each breezy height,
Awakes his spirit to delight.
Oh, welcome to the fresh old hills!
The mossy crags, the tinkling rills,—
To field, and wood, and moorland glen,
Welcome, welcome home again!

Well may the pleasant summer air
Fondly play with thy silver hair ;
Well may the brooklet's ripples clear
Leap as thy footsteps wander near ;
Well may the wild-flowers on the lea,
Nodding their pretty heads to thee,
Scatter abroad their sweetest sweet,
Their fond old poet friend to meet ;—
They've waited, and have listened long,
For thee, oh, white-haired son of song !

Though tempests rage and clouds are black,
The sun keeps on his glorious track,
Serenely shining, to the west,
And, grandly smiling, sinks to rest.
Thy task, old bard, is nearly done :
Oh, may the evening coming on,
Long lingering sweetly round thy way,
Close like a cloudless summer day !





Poor Travellers All.

I.



POOR travellers all,
Both great and small,
How thoughtlessly we play
In a country
Of mortality,
Where never a man can stay.

II.

Our birth is but
A starting foot
Upon the fatal road,
Where death keeps watch
O'er life, to snatch
The jewel back to God.

III.

Time's sickle reaps,
In restless sweeps,
The harvest of decay ;
On every ground
His sheaves are bound,
And garnered in the clay

IV.

Though hints divine,
In symbols fine,
With warnings strew the way,—
Beseeching us,
And teaching us,
The danger of delay,—

V.

We dally still,
With fitful will,
Among delusive joys ;
Heeding them not,
Except for sport,—
As children play with toys.

VI.

We romp and run
Mad in the sun ;
We murmur at the cloud ;
And where's the breast
That's quite at rest
Until it's in a shroud ?

VII.

Poor travellers all,
Both great and small,
How thoughtlessly we play
In a country
Of mortality,
Where never a man can stay.





What Makes Your Leaves Fall Down?

I.



HAT makes your leaves fall down,
Ye drooping autumn flowers?
What makes your green go brown,
Ye fading autumn bowers?

Oh, thou complaining gale,
That wand'rest sad and lone,
What sorrows swell the tale
Of that funereal moan?

II.

Have ye felt love like mine,
And met with like return,
That ye do thus decline,
And thus appear to mourn?
Ah, no! content, methinks,
Ye glide into decay,
As pensive evening sinks
At close of summer day.

III.

Fall down, ye leafy bowers !
And drift upon the gales ;
Fade on, ye sleepy flowers !
It is my heart that wails ;
Blow on, thou quiet wind !
It was a fancied moan—
The echo of a mind
That feels its pleasure gone.





Alas! How Hard it is to Smile.

I.



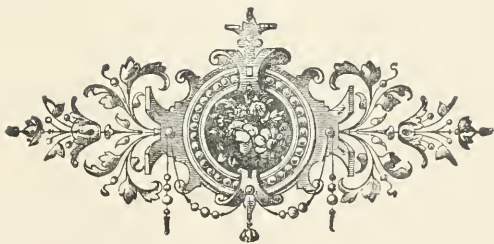
LAS! how hard it is to smile
When all within is sad ;
And rooted sorrow to beguile
By mingling with the glad.
The heart that swells with grief disdains
Pretension's mean alloy,
And feels far less its keenest pains
Than mockeries of joy.

II.

How few among the thoughtless crowds
Can tell the jealous care
With which a gentle spirit shrouds
Its pangs from worldly glare.
The harp of sorrow woos the touch
Of sympathy alone ;
Its trembling fibres shrink from such
As cannot feel their tone.

III.

The gay may sport upon the wave
Of life's untroubled tides,—
Like birds that warble on a grave,
They dream not what it hides;
But pleasure's wretched masquerade
Wakes sorrow's keenest throe;—
The saddest look is not so sad
As the strainèd smile of woe.





The Man of the Time.

I.



E is a sterling nobleman
Who lives the truth he knows ;
Who dreads the slavery of sin,
And fears no other foes.

II.

Who scorns the folly of pretence ;
Whose mind from cant is free ;
Who values men for worth and sense,
And hates hypocrisy.

III.

Who glows with love that's free from taint ;
Whose heart is kind and brave ;
Who feels that he was neither meant
For tyrant nor for slave.

IV.

Who loves the ground, where'er he roam,
That's trod by human feet,
And strives to make the world a home
Where peace and justice meet.

V

Whose soul to clearer heights can climb,
Above the shows of things,—
Cleaving the mortal bounds of time,
On meditative wings.

VI.

Malice can never mar his fame ;
A heaven-crowned king is he ;
His robe, a pure immortal aim ;
His throne, eternity.





The Wanderer's Hymn.

I.



APPY the heart that's simply pure ;
Happy the heart that's nobly brave ;
Happy the man that breaks the lure
That winds like death round folly's slave.

II.

Wandering in the worldly throng,
The dust of earth still keeps us blind ;
The judgment's weak, the passion's strong,
The will as fitful as the wind.

III.

Disguised in joy's deceitful beams,
A thousand fitful meteors ply
About our path their demon-schemes,
That dazzle only to destroy.

IV.

Who can we ask for aid but Thee,
Our only friend, our only guide?
What other counsellor have we?
Where else, oh, where, can we abide?

V.

Oh! hear and help us while we pray;
And travel with us all the way!
Oh! hold our hands, and be our stay!
Oh! set us right whene'er we stray!





Alone, upon the Flowery Plain.

I.



LONE, upon the flowery plain,
I rove, in solitary pain ;
Looking around the silent lea
For something I shall never see.

II.

Yon hedge-row blossoms as before,
And roses shade yon cottage door ;
But oh, I miss the tresses fair,
And eyes that glowed with welcome there.

III.

The streamlet, still, in rippling pranks,
Kisses the wild flower on its banks ;
But I am lonely on the shore,
To which my love returns no more.

IV.

The lark, aloft in sunny air,
Carols, as if my love was there ;
And the wind goes by, with mournful sound,
Murmuring, "No more, on mortal ground."



To a Young Lady,

WHO LENT ME AN OLD BOOK.

I.



HIS learnèd volume doth not tell
A story so divine,
Nor point a moral half so well
As that young face of thine.

II.

Thou should'st have sent a rose to me,
With morning dew bestarred ;
It would have better likened thee,—
Sweet rosebud of the bard !

III.

But mornings fly, and dewdrops dry,
And many a lovely rose
Is plucked, and thrown neglected by,
Before it fairly blows.

IV.

Elsie ; thy budding time is fair ;
So may thy blooming be ;
And never blighting blast of care
Untimely wither thee.

V.

Flower on, in gladness, free from stain,
Until the autumn's past ;
And, like a fading rose, retain
Thy sweetness to the last.





Oh! Weave a Garland for my Brow.

I.



H! weave a garland for my brow,
Of roses and of rue ;
For once I loved a bonny lass,—
Alas, she was not true !

But when she slighted all my grief,
I knew that grief was vain,
And I hid the wound that pained my heart,
Until it healed again.

II.

Then, gentle lover, pine no more,—
Thy tenderness is blind ;
Sighing to one whose heart is cold
Will never make her kind.
Go, take some comfort to thy breast—
The world is fair to see—
And on some genial bosom rest
Whose pulses beat for thee.



To the Spring Wind.

I.



SWEET minstrel of the scented spring,
Ten thousand silver bells,
To welcome thee, are all a-swing,
Upon the dewy fells.
To sing with thee, I should be fain,
Oh, harper blithe and free!
But love has bound me with a chain,
That wrings the heart of me.

II.

Oh, hasten to my love, and tell
Her how she makes me pine;
And ask her if she thinks it well
To slight a heart like mine;
For, if my suit her scorn doth move,
It shall no longer be;
Although I know she's made for love,
And I wish that she loved me.



Oh! Had She Been a Lowly Maid.

I.



H! had she been a lowly maid
That stole this heart of mine,
She would have filled the humblest shade
With radiance divine :—
The moon of beauty's starry skies,
She glides serenely fair,
Absorbing in her gleaming eyes
The brightest planet there.

II.

Oh! were she but a flower of spring
Upon the dewy lea,
To watch its lovely blossoming
My heart's delight would be ;
And when its leaves began to fade,
Their fading I would moan ;
And treasure up the sacred dust,
To mingle with my own.



All On a Rosy Morn of June.

I.



ALL on a rosy morn of June,
When farmers make their hay,
Down by yon bonny woodland green
A milking maid did stray ;
And oh, but she was sweet and fair,—
The flower of all the vale ;
In her hand a wild white rose she bare,
And on her head a pail.

II.

Across the fields, as she did rove,
The pretty maiden sang
A plaintive lay of tender love
That through the valley rang :
Blithe as a linnet on the spray,
Among the wildwood green,
She lilted on her flowery way,—
And vanished from the scene.

III.

When next I saw that pleasant vale —
Twelve moons had wandered by—
A matron told her hapless tale
With tear-drops in her eye ;
For there had been, with winsome wile,
A careless-hearted lad,
And plucked the flower whose lovely smile
Made all the valley glad.

IV.

The woods were gay and green again ;
The sun was smiling on ;
But the charmer of the rural glen
For evermore was gone :
Now, mouldering near the churchyard way,
All stricken in her pride,
The white rose of the valley lay,
With an infant by her side.





Glad Welcome to Morn's Dewy Hours.

I.



LAD welcome to morn's dewy hours
The birds warble blithe to the gale,
While the sun shimmers through the green
bowers,
And plays with the stream in the vale ;
But, as clouds o'er the heavens come streaming,
Then silence, with shade, creeps along :
They pass,—and again the woods gleaming,
At once wake to sunlight and song.

II.

So I sport till the storm gathers o'er me ;
Then pensively hushed in the gloom,
My heart looks around and before me,
For something the shade to illumine ;
Yet, though folding the wings of my gladness,
I'm mute in the hurricane's howl,
Thou com'st through the gloomiest sadness,
A sunbeam of joy to my soul.

III.

Fair star of remembrance endearing,
Still lend me thy brilliant ray,
My wanderings chast'ning and cheering,
Till life, with its light, fade away ;
And, oft as my pathway thou greetest,
I'll waken my harp-strings to thee,
And sing how the brightest and sweetest
Are always the soonest to flee.





When Drowsy Daylight.

I.



HEN drowsy Daylight's drooping e'e
Closes o'er the fading lea,—
When Evening hums his vesper-song,
And winking dews the meadow throng,
I'll come to meet thee, Mary!

II.

'The lazy hours refuse to fly ;
As gaudy day goes creeping by,
I count each moment with a sigh,
Until the hour of shade steals nigh,
That brings me to my Mary!

III.

'The flower is dear unto the lea,
The blossom to the parent tree :—
Thou'rt more than flower and leaf to me—
'This heart of mine, by love of thee,
Must bloom or wither, Mary.

IV.

The summer woods are waving fair ;
The bluebell scents the evening air ;
The small bird woos its mate to share
Its little nest and loving care :
Oh, be my own, my Mary !





The Gallant Men of England.

I.



E gallant men of England,
Of noble races bred,
Remember how your fathers
For liberty have bled ;
Stand to your ancient banners,
In a thousand battles torn,—
The banners of Great Britain,
To a thousand victories borne.

II.

When flags of tyrants, flying,
Insult the air again,
And freedom's sons are dying
Upon the bloody plain,
Rush to the gory havoc
With all your native might,
And carve your way to justice,
Or perish for the right.

III.

Ye sons of ancient heroes,
And heirs of England's fame,
Wherever danger threatens
Be worthy of your name ;
And hurl each bold aggressor
Into his native lair,
To rule the slaves and traitors
That crawl around him there.

IV.

Though knaves and cowards tremble
Beneath despotic sway,
And fools to wily tyrants
Resign, a willing prey,
The race of island lions,
Bred by the Western main,
The freedom won by battle
By battle can maintain.





Prologue.

(WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE MANCHESTER
LETTERPRESS PRINTERS' DRAMATIC ENTER-
TAINMENT, APRIL 4TH, 1868.)



WHEN first, from old Westminster's hoary pile,
The Art of Printing dawned on Briton's isle,
In some dim chapel of that sacred fane
The venerable Caxton ruled his train,—
Whose artful toil, foredoomed by mystic tie,
Flushed the young stream of England's liberty.
England! where noble hearts had wrestled long,
In dumb contention between right and wrong,
'Twas there in cloistered shade, he wove the spell
At whose behest the chain of silence fell;
And, nursing skill, with strange mutations fraught,
Gave freedom to the prisoned realms of thought!

.

Strange were the implements, the labour strange;
 The little rill of art was big with change;
 With loving care, the initiated few
 There brought the infant mystery to view;
 And, as in dim secluded gloom they toiled,
 Fate's folded skein of printed thought uncoiled;
 Whilst the hushed murmurs of the working throng
 Mingled with solemn strains of sacred song:
 There learned churchmen pondered in amaze,
 And kingly patrons dealt bewildered praise:
 Ah, little dreamt they what that germ contained,—
 What vast, upheaving powers, heaven-ordained!

Rude were the artist's tools, the product slight;
 Costly and few the works it brought to light;
 Mysterious came the first imprinted page,
 To th' wondering gaze of an unletter'd age;
 And small the inducement such an art to ply,
 When only clerks could read, and only kings could buy.

But time,—the soil of life's eventful field,—
 Was doomed, by fate, the mighty plant to yield;
 Doomed to sustain, and nurture, through the night
 Of undergrowth, until it burst to sight,
 And cheered the nations with its presence bright!
 Slow grew the art,—though often checked,—it *grew*;
 Now, nipt with frost, now fed with rain and dew;
 Slow grew the struggling art, but *yet* it *grew*.
 In patient majesty the nursling rose;
 Rooted by struggle, and made strong by blows;

Till e'en its nurses watched it with surprise,
And tyrants trembled as they saw it rise !
For, as it grew, to realms of light it led,
And fed the freedom upon which it fed.
Oh, freedom ! Spark of heaven-descended fire,
That never fades from noble heart's desire !
The bird that in the wild wood carols free,—
No bird, imprisoned, sings so well as he !
Thanks to those lofty stars of England's night,
Who cheered her struggling sons with steadfast light !
Thanks to the men who fought and suffered long,
To make the right triumphant over wrong.
Thanks to those gallant hearts of later breed,
By whom the Press was from its trammels freed.—
Now, thousands print what millions rush to read.

But stay, my roving muse,—restrain thy flight,
What is it brings the Press-gang here to-night ?
Come they, as erst, some wandering slave to seize ?
Ah, no,—*our* mission is to free, and please :
In mutual self-reliance to combine,
To soothe the last sad hours of life's decline ;
To help the feeble and to cheer the sad ;
The worn-out workman's sinking heart to glad ;
From bitter penury the sick to save,
And soothe the totterer's way unto the grave.
And feeble though our histrionic skill,
It humbly seeks to lesson human ill.
Then, oh, with generous hearts, give kind acclaim,
And cheer the labour for its noble aim.

Oh, Printing, Art with mystic power fraught !
Thou swift dispenser of undying thought !
Strew lofty lessons still, at heaven's behest :
And teach us Charity above the rest !
And, till we're summoned hence, by fatal call,—
Father of Nature's Chapel,¹ bless us all !



¹ In the old printing-offices of England, and even in many of the best printing-offices of the kingdom now, the workmen form a little court of law, summoned occasionally for the settlement of disputes among themselves. This court they call "The Chapel," and the President of the court is called "The Father of the Chapel." Doubtless these names arise from the tradition that the first English printing-office was in one of the chapels of Westminster Abbey.



The Lost Shepherd.

I.



IN the wild top of Pendle
The clouds gather grim ;
To the shepherd of Pendle
The pathway grows dim :
The sleet blinds his sight
As he peers for the light
That still glimmers bright
In the valley for him.

II.

O'er the wild ridge of Pendle
The wintry winds sweep ;
On the lone waste of Pendle
The snowfall is deep :
Near the bleak mountain's crest,
Where the wildest drifts rest,
With the snow on his breast,
The wanderer's asleep.



The lost Shepherd.

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R.H.W. 82.

III.

His mate trims her light
For the shepherd in vain,
As she listens all night
To the stormy refrain :
Long, long she may mourn ;
In vain the lamps burn
To guide his return
To his loved ones again.

IV.

She may gaze down the path
Till sight fades away ;
She may wait for his feet
Till hair has grown grey :
She may sigh, she may moan :
She may dream, she may groan ;
She may weep all alone,
To her last dying day.

V.

No friends bore the bier
To his lone wintry bed ;
No kind hand was near
To pillow his head :
Wild hawks o'er him wing ;
White snows round him cling ;
And stormy winds sing
The dirge of the dead.





The Moorland Breeze.

I.



F all the blithesome melody
That wakes the warm heart's thrill,
Give me the wind that whistles free
Across the moorland hill ;
When every blade upon the lea
Is dancing with delight, .
And every bush, and flower, and tree,
Is singing in its flight.

II.

When summer comes I'll wear a plume
With flowers of shining gold ;
And it shall be the bonny broom,
That loves the moorland wold ;
And it shall wave its petals bright
Above my cap so free,
And kiss the wild wind in its flight
Across the lonely lea.

III.

Blithe harper of the moorland hills,
The desert sings to thee ;
The lonely heath with music thrills
Beneath thy touch so free :
With trembling glee its wilding strings
Melodious revels keep,
As o'er the waste on viewless wings,
Thy fairy fingers sweep.

IV.

In yonder valley, richly green,
I see bright rivers run ;
They wind in beauty through the scene
And shimmer in the sun ;
And they may sing and they may shine
Down to the heaving sea ;
The bonny moorland hills are mine,
Where the wild breeze whistles free.

V.

Oh lay me down in moorland ground,
And make it my last bed,
With the heathery wilderness around,
And the bonny lark o'erhead :
Let fern and ling around me cling,
And green moss o'er me creep ;
And the sweet wild mountain breezes sing
Above my slumbers deep.



The Kindly Hearth.

AIR—" *Fill the bumper fair.*"

I.



F all the joys on earth,
The sweetest yet I've found it
Upon the kindly hearth,
With loving hearts around it ;
Where Mally sits at ease,
And, singing, plies her knitter.
While children round my knees
Delight me with their twitter.

CHORUS—Of all the joys on earth,
The sweetest yet I've found it
Upon the kindly hearth,
With loving hearts around it.

II.

Give me a cosy chair
Beside the glowing ingle,
When kindly hearts are there,
In simple bliss to mingle ;
And there, though gloomy skies
Above my roof are scowling,
I'll bask in sunny eyes,
While wintry winds are howling.

CHORUS—Of all the joys on earth, &c.

III.

Oh dearer far to me
Than prison'd lark or linnet,
The home that rings with glee
From happy creatures in it ;
The little realm divine,
With rosebuds ever clinging,
Where heart-warm sunbeams shine,
And birds of love are singing.

CHORUS—Of all the joys on earth, &c.

IV.

Oh happy is the wight,
Beyond the cold world's knowing,
With nature true and bright
Within his bosom glowing :

Howe'er the seasons run,
Or fickle fortune flout him,
His kind heart, like the sun,
Still warms the world about him.

CHORUS—Of all the joys on earth, &c.

V.

Some may pine for fame,
Some for piles of treasure ;
Some may chase the flame
That leads to painful pleasure ;
Though lowly be my share,
My pouches scant of money,
I love the fireside fair
Where all is sweet and sunny.


CHORUS—Of all the joys on earth, &c.





Good Night!

I.

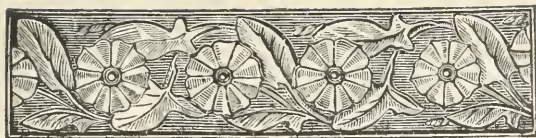
HE sun has dipped his golden rim
Beyond the western sea ;
The soft wind sings its evening hymn
Unto the drowsy lea ;
The wild waves' surging murmurs creep
Along the lonely sand ;
The kiss of twilight lulls to sleep
The eyelids of the land.
Good night, my love, good night !

II.

Mysterious whispers, soft and low,
Steal through the rustling leaves ;
The dusky bat flits to and fro
About the fading eves ;
Yet daylight waits, to see thee close
Those eyes divinely bright ;
For, whilst they shine, full well she knows
It cannot yet be night.
Good night, my love, good night !



*Oh, the heart is not so light,
When the day is taking flight,
And we feel the coming night,
As the sun goes down.*



When the Sun Goes Down.

I.



HEN life's glad day is gone,
And the sun goes down ;
When we muse all alone,
As the sun goes down.

Oh, the heart is not so light,
When the day is taking flight,
And we feel the coming night,
As the sun goes down.

II.

Oh, the flowers fall asleep,
When the sun goes down ;
And the silence is deep,
When the sun goes down ;
But the skies of night grow fine,
And the stars begin to shine,
With a radiance divine,
When the sun goes down.

III.

Oh, the curfew bell's tolled,
When the sun goes down ;
And the sheep seek the fold,
When the sun goes down ;
And the churchyard tower grey
Calls life's children home from play,
At the closing of the day,
When the sun goes down.

IV.

Ere the lark sinks to rest,
When the sun goes down,
In his grass-shaded nest,
When the sun goes down ;
While the world begins to dream,
Then his evening carols stream
From the gathering starlight's gleam,
When the sun goes down.

V.

So, remote from the throng, •
When the sun goes down,
Life's quiet shades among,
When the sun goes down ;
In the twilight's deepening grey,
At the waning of the day,
Let me sing my little lay,
As the sun goes down.





To the River Roch.



THE quiet Roch comes dancing down
From breezy moorland hills ;
It wanders through my native town,
With its bonny tribute rills.

Oh, gentle Roch, my native stream !
Oft, when a careless boy,
I've prattled to thee, in a dream,
As thou went singing by.

Oft, on thy breast, my tiny barge
I've sailed, in thoughtless glee ;
And roved in joy thy posied marge,
That first grew green to me.

I've paddled in thy waters clear,
In childhood's happy days ;
Change as thou wilt, to me thou'rt dear
While life's warm current plays.

Like thee, my little life glides down
To the great absorbing main,
From whose mysterious deeps unknown
We ne'er return again.





*In pensive dreams I rove alone,
Where gardens scent the air.*



The Hour of Shade.

I.



WHEN stars begin to steal in sight
Above the moorland hill ;
When dreamy dusk leads on the night,
And all the world grows still ;
When dewy pearls on every blade
Light up the twinkling lea,
I hail the soft, sweet hour of shade,
That brings my love to me.

II.

In pensive dreams I rove alone
Where gardens scent the air ;
But my fancy's on the mountains lone,
And all my heart is there ;
Rich groves, and posied fields may charm
The thoughtless and the free,
But my flower of love grows in the wild,
And there I fain would be.

III.

I see him springing down the steep,
And singing as he comes ;
I see his form in manly sweep,
Bound o'er the heather-blooms !
I see, I see his glowing eyes,
That burn with loving glee !
He comes ! My own dear moorland lad !
I know he comes to me !

IV.

Of all the hours that, night and day,
In ceaseless circles run,
Give me the hour whose shadows grey
Pursue the setting sun ;
It brings the dreamy time of rest
That sets the prisoner free ;
It brings the wild bird to its nest ;
It brings my love to me !

V.

Bright star, that leads the glorious throng
That gem the midnight sky,
When the noisy world has hushed its song,
And laid its business by ;
The kindly heavens have filled thy light
With love's enchanting thrill ;
Shine sweetly when my bonny lad
Comes liting down the hill !



I Wish, my Love, it was so with You.

I.



H, I dream all day, and I muse all night,
On the one dear girl that's my only light ;
For my heart it is tender, and fond and
true,
And my thoughts, my love, have no home but you ;
No home but you,
No home but you ;
My thoughts have no home in the world but you !

II.

Oh, there's not a cloud on the soft blue sky,
Where the blithe lark chants in the lift so high ;
Yet my heart it is sad, for it's fond and true
As the cloudless heaven's unchanging blue ;
Fond and true ;
Fond and true ;
And I wish, my love, it was so with you !

III.

There's a sweet bird singing in my poor breast ;
And, by night and day, he gives me no rest ;
For his song it is tender, and fond, and true ;
And I wish, my love, he would sing to you ;
Sing to you ;
Sing to you ;
Oh, I wish, my love, he would sing to you !





Oh, the Wild, Wild Moors.

I.



Y heart's away in the lonely hills,
Where I would gladly be—
On the rolling ridge of Blackstone Edge,
Where the wild wind whistles free !
There oft in careless youth I roved,
When summer days were fine ;
And the meanest flower of the heathery waste
Delights this heart of mine !
Oh, the wild, wild moors ; the wild, wild moors,
And the stormy hills so free ;
Oh, the wild, wild moors ; the wild, wild moors,
The sweet wild moors for me.

II.

I fain would stroll on lofty Knowl,
And Rooley Moor again ;
Or wildly stray one long bright day
In Turvin's bonny glen !
The thought of Wardle's breezy height
Fills all my heart with glee,
And the distant view of the hills so blue
Bring tears into my e'e !
Oh, the wild, wild moors ; the wild, wild moors,
And the stormy hills so free ;
Oh, the wild, wild moors ; the wild, wild moors,
The sweet wild moors for me !

III.

Oh, blessed sleep, that brings in dreams
My native hills to me ;
The heathery wilds, the rushing streams,
Where once I wandered free !
'Tis a glimpse of life's sweet morning light,
A bright angelic ray,
That steals into the dusky night,
And fades with waking day !
Oh, the lonely moors, the breezy moors,
And the stormy hills so free ;
Oh, the wild, wild moors ; the wild, wild moors,
The sweet wild moors for me.





My Croodling Dove.

I.



H, have you seen my bosom's queen?

Oh, have you seen my dear?

She's stolen the summer from the scene,

And left the winter here!

If you should meet those eyes so sweet,

I warn you to beware;

They'll plant love's dart deep in your heart,

And leave it in despair!

CHORUS—Oh, my love, my only love;

There's witchery about thee!

My little bright-eyed croodling dove,

I cannot live without thee!

II.

The green field lights up with her smile;

The daisies kiss her feet;

The cowslip nods with dainty wile,

To catch her glances sweet;

The little rosebuds clap their hands

To greet that lovely face,

And every sweet its odour sends

To win my darling's grace!

CHORUS—Oh, my love, my only love, &c.

III.


The sunshine dallies with her hair
Till evening shades steal on.
And still, enamoured, lingers there
Long after daylight's gone ;
And there all night, in slumbers sweet,
The lovesick truant lies,
And peeps out from her curls to meet
The morning in her eyes !
CHORUS—Oh, my love, my only love, &c.

IV.

The young winds follow her all day,
Like lovers in the wake,
With many a fond complaining lay,
Still sighing for her sake ;
They crowd about her rosy lips
Their nectar'd sweets to win ;
And chase her, as away she trips,
To taste her breath again !
CHORUS—Oh, my love, my only love, &c.

V.

The wild birds listen to her song
With sweet and glad surprise ;
The rain-drops halt in downward throng
To look into her eyes ;
She fills the rosy glow of day
With love's enchanting light,
And when she takes herself away
It might as well be night !
CHORUS—Oh, my love, my only love, &c.





As I went Crooning on my Way.

AIR—" *My bridheen bawn masthore.*"

I.



S I went crooning on my way,
With free and careless mind;
A wild bird of the summer day,
To pleasant life inclined ;
I met a maid whose charms divine
Woke love within my breast,
And since that hour this heart of mine
Has never been at rest.

II.

In matchless form and modest mien,
She moved with winsome grace ;
I saw her two bewitching e'en,
I saw her lovely face ;
Like the moon that from an envious cloud,
Sails brightly o'er the scene,
She came, then vanished in the crowd,
And all was night again.

III.

We met, like passing ships at sea,
Upon a sunny day ;
She gave one fatal smile to me,
And went her destined way,
It was a fleeting angel's glance,
That melted into air ;
It left me in a raptured trance,
It left me in despair.

IV.

And oh ! if fate will have it so
That we no more may meet,
To my last hour I'll pining go,
And bless that vision sweet ;
For though we only met to part
And far asunder glide,
She left a jewel in my heart
Worth all the world beside.





Now's the Time to Remember the Poor.

(To an old English melody.)

I.



FROM my warm ingle-cheek, on a keen winter's
day,

When the woods and the fields were forlorn,
I could see the white slopes where the snow-
mantle lay,

I could hear the cold blast in the thorn ;
And as wild by my window the thick-falling snow
Drifted by on the wintry wind,
It threw a cold gloom o'er my snug shelter's glow,
And it saddened the thoughts of my mind.

II.

Then a pretty bird came to my lattice to sing,
And he peeped through the storm at my nest ;
The cold drift lay white on his trembling wing,
And it powdered his bonny red breast :
His little eye shone through my dim window pane,
As I paced o'er the soft warm floor ;
And the sweet minstrel's song had this tender refrain,
" Now's the time to remember the poor !

III.

Then I crept to my hearthstone, so cosy and bright,
Which the rage of the tempest defied,
And I pensively mused on the shelterless wight
That was wand'ring and shiv'ring outside ;
And I thought, with a sigh, of the hardship and pain
Which the houseless and old endure ;
And I said, as I looked through my window again,
“ Now's the time to remember the poor ! ”

IV.

How little we dream when we're sheltered and glad,
Whilst the cold blasts of winter are keen,
Of the poor and the lonely, the sick and the sad,
That are mourning in corners unseen :
But this life it is short, both to high and to low,
And there's nought in the world that's sure ;
We were bare when we came here, and bare we must go—
“ Now's the time to remember the poor ! ”





Farewell!

I.



THE light of day is dying
Beyond the heaving sea ;
The plaintive wind is sighing
Across the fading lea :
Farewell, farewell !
The fire burns low, and I must go,
To wander far alone ;
Farewell !

II.

Farewell, the scenes of childhood :
Life's hopeful dream is o'er ;
Farewell to field and wildwood ;
I shall return no more :
Farewell, farewell !
Fate wills it so, and I must go,
To wander far alone ;
Farewell !

III.

Spring will come with wildflowers
To gem my native shore ;
And June will deck the green bowers
That I shall see no more :
Farewell, farewell !
Fate wills it so that I must go,
To wander far alone ;
Farewell !

IV.

Farewell, my love, for ever,
From thee, too, I must part ;
To know thee, and to sever.—
The tale of this sad heart :
Farewell, farewell !
When roses grow on winter's snow,
I'll come to thee again :
Farewell !





I Met with a Doleful Wight.

I.



H, I met with a doleful wight,
With his elbows on his knees ;
His face was in mournful plight,
For his heart was ill at ease.

He sat on an old tree-root,
In a shady nook, alone ;
He was tattered from head to foot,
And this was his weary moan,—

CHORUS—Oh, I married a shrew
For her gold so fine ;
Now the gold is gone,
And the shrew is mine !

II.

The man is a paltry knave
That can coldly woo for pelf ;
He's a mean and a heartless slave
Whose centre is all himself ;

He travels on sunless ways ;
His life is a funeral knell
Of loveless nights and days ;
I know the sad truth too well.
CHORUS—Oh, I married a shrew, &c.

III.

Oh, the treasures are dearly bought
That canker the mind with care,
And the spirit is mean that's caught
In a cold and greedy snare :
But the jewel of heaven is love,
The light and the life of man ;
The brightest ray from above,
That shines on his mortal span.
CHORUS—Oh, I married a shrew, &c.

IV.

Oh, I'm tired of this life of mine,
For I wander without a friend ,
And at every step I pine
To get to the journey's end.
To barter sweet love for gold
Is the poorest exchange below ;
And to live with a heart that's cold
Is the bitterest lot to know.
CHORUS—Oh, I married a shrew, &c.





In a May Morning, Early.

I.



AS I crossed the fields with my milking pail,
In a May morning, early,
A bright-eyed lad came along the vale,
And said that he loved me dearly ;
He woo'd me in whispers, with many a vow ;
He kissed me, and said he would marry, I trow ;
I wish in my heart he was here just now,
In a May morning, early.

II.

I shall never forget that sweet spring-tide
In a May morning, early ;
Nor the wild-bird's song on that greenwood side,
In a May morning, early ;
I shall never forget what my love did say ;
Nor the light of his blue eyes' witching play ;
Nor the path along which he walked away,
In a May morning, early.

III.

Now I pace the fields with many a sigh,
In a May morning, early ;
And I gaze down the vale with a tearful eye,
In a May morning, early ;
And, should I not see my love before
The winter has whitened the hedges o'er,
The flowers of spring will bloom no more
For me, in a morning, early.





Oh, the Summer's Sweet.

I.



H, the summer's sweet when lovers meet,
And posies kiss the rover's feet ;
When soaring larks salute the day,
And milkmaids through the meadows stray.

CHORUS—Then raise the song,
And chant it well,
As we jog it along
O'er hill and dell ;
For what'll betide no man can tell !

II.

With lingering feet we'll lounge along
Where hawthorn blooms the hedges throng ;
And through the rustling greenwood stray,
Where straggling sunbeams streak the way.

CHORUS—Then raise the song, &c.

III.

By sweet sequestered nooks we'll fare,
Where dewy bluebells scent the air ;
And watch the squirrel's airy bounds,
While the throstle's song the wood resounds.

CHORUS—Then raise the song, &c.

IV.

In scented meadows we'll delay
To tumble in the new-mown hay,
While the mower whets his scythe and sings
Of country fun and wedding-rings.

CHORUS—Then raise the song, &c.

V.

On banks of wild thyme we will play,
Where cowslip's nod to the brooklet's lay ;
Where the limpid stream meanders bright,
With glittering glee in the golden light.

CHORUS—Then raise the song, &c.

VI.

And should some bonny lass catch my e'e,
I'll let her go if she's not for me ;
And merrily on I'll rove alone,
For all will be well when I meet my own.

CHORUS—Then raise the song, &c.





I Know What I Know.

In Monosyllable.—Founded on an ancient rhyme.

I.



ONCE heard a priest
Say a close tongue was best ;
An' he that says least
Shall be most at rest ;
And, as far as I've wrought
I have still found it so ;
Then, I'll say next to nought,
But I know what I know ;
Know, know ;
I know what I know.

II.

Yet a blind man may see
By that which I say,
What strange things they be
That do fall in my way ;

He may guess all I mean
From what I do show ;
Then part I will screen,—
But, I know what I know ;
Know, know ;
I know what I know.

III.

Some men spend their time
In trick 'and in strife,
That so they may climb
The proud hills of life ;
Yet, when the day's o'er,
They sleep with the low ;
I need not say more,—
But, I know what I know ;
Know, know ;
I know what I know.

IV.

Some sleek rogues there be,
Who do cant by the way,
That, so, they may sleet
Steal down on their prey ;
Fierce wolves are these knaves,
Like lambs that bleat so :
Yet my breath I will save,—
But, I know what I know ;
Know, know ;
I know what I know.

V.

I have liv'd a good while,
And I've seen a good deal
Of mirth, and of toil,
And of woe, and of weal ;
But when a man's old,
I do think it is well
For to rest in the fold
Where the tir'd folk do dwell ;
Dwell, dwell ;
Where the tir'd folk do dwell.

VI.

Then keep a wise tongue
If you'd be at rest ;
And do nought that's wrong,
If you would be blest ;
And, when your days cease,
And you come to ground,
Your end shall be peace,
And your sleep shall be sound ;
Sound, sound ;
Your sleep shall be sound.





Three Jovial Huntsmen.¹

I.



*T'S of three jovial huntsmen, and a-hunting they
did go ;*

*And they hunted, and they halloo'd, and they blew
their horns also ;*

Look you there !

*And they all were very merry as they gathered in the vale,
For every man amongst them was as brisk as bottled ale ;*

Look you there !

¹ This humorous old hunting song, which I introduced into my country story, called "Old Cronies," was not commonly known until it attracted the attention of my friend, the late Randolph Caldecott; whose felicitous pencil enriched it with a series of quaintly-beautiful Illustrations; and, since then, it has had the honour of riding down upon the wings of his artistic genius to a fame which it never would have achieved by any merit of its own. The verses in italic are mine; the rest belong to the old song.

II.

*They were staunch in wind and limb, and they were sound
from top to toe ;*

*Their eyes were bright as frosty stars, their hearts were in
a glow ;*

Look you there !

*And they chirruped, and they chuckled, and they tried their
pleasant wits,*

As they capered up and down, to show the mettle of their tits ,

Look you there !

III.

*Then they snuffed the sweet fresh morning air, and gathered
up their reins,*

*And the blood began to gallop through their healthy country
veins ;*

Look you there !

*Says one, " My lads, I'm fain I'm wick, to join the good
old play ;*

*For there's nought in all this world can lick a jolly hunting
day ;"*

Look you there !

IV.

*" So mind your den," said he, " an' keep your noses well
i'th wind ;*

An' then, by scent or seet, yo'll leet o' something to your mind ;

Look you there !

*We shall range the bonny country, lads ; an' if we miss
the game,*

Why, in a hundred years or so, you'll find it all the same ;

Look you there !

V.

*Their horses they were eager, and the hunters they were
keen ;*

*And they longed to sweep the dew away that twinkled on
the green ;*

Look you there !

*And they fidgetted and frisked about, until the horn did
blow ;*

*And then, away o'er hill and dale, these hearty lads did
go ;*

Look you there !

VI.

Then they hunted, an' they halloo'd, and the first thing
they did find

Was an old corn-bogle in a field, an' that they left
behind ;

Look you there !

One said it was a bogle, an' another he said, "Nay ;

It's just a drunken tinker that has gone and lost his way !"

Look you there !

VII.

Then they hunted, an' they halloo'd, and the next thing
they did find

Was a turnip in a stubble-field, an' that they left behind ;

Look you there !

One said it was a turnip, an' another he said, "Nay ;

It's just a cannon-ball that old Noll Cromwell threw
away."

Look you there !

VIII.

Then they hunted, an' they halloo'd, and the next thing
they did find

Was a cratchinly old pig-trough, an' that, too, they left
behind ;

Look you there !

One said it was a pig-trough, but another he said, "Nay ;
It's some poor craiter's coffin,"—an' that caused them
much dismay.

Look you there !

IX.

Then they hunted, an' they halloo'd, and the next thing
they did find

Was a jackdaw, lyin' cold and still, an' that they left
behind ;

Look you there !

One said it was a jackdaw, an' another he said, "Nay ;
It's nought but an owd blackin'-brush that someb'dy's
thrown away."

Look you there !

X.

They hunted, an' they halloo'd, and the next thing they
did find

Was a bull-calf in a pin-fowd, an' that, too, they left
behind ;

Look you there !

One said it wur a bull-calf, an' another he said, "Nay ;
It's just a painted jackass that has never larnt to bray :"

Look you there !

XI.

They hunted an' they halloo'd, and the next thing they
did find

Was two fond lovers in a lane, an' these they left behind ;

Look you there !

One said that they were lovers, but another he said, " Nay ;
They're two poor wanderin' lunatics—come let us go away."

Look you there !

XII.

*So they hunted, an' they halloo'd, till the setting of the sun ;
An' they'd nought to bring away at last, when th' huntin'-day
was done ;*

Look you there !

*Then one unto the other said, " This huntin' doesn't pay ,
But we'n powder't up an' down a bit, an' had a rattlin' day ;"*

Look you there !





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